Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1766.

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THE BYSTANDER OCTOBER 20, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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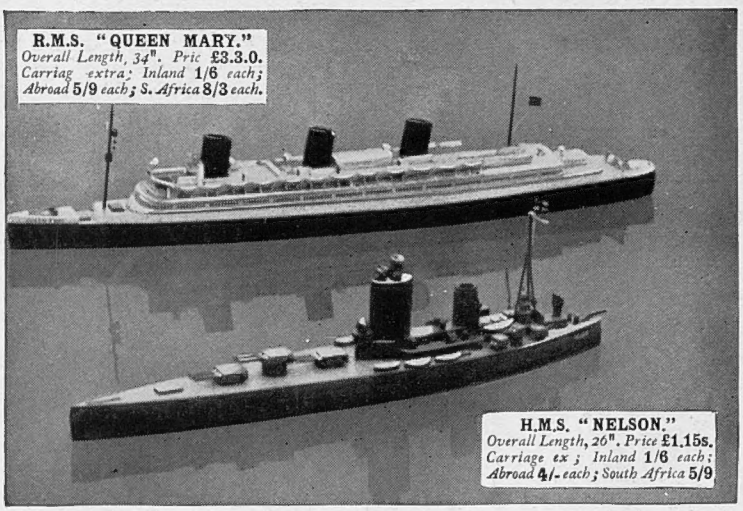

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No. 1766. Vol. CXXXVI.

The Bystander

Houston Rogers

Portrait of a Socialite — Lady Marguerite Strickland

Lady Marguerite Strickland is one of the most photographed of socialite young-marrieds—because she looks lovely and is photogenique to an unusual degree. Several film companies have thought so, spurred on, perhaps, by her likeness to Katharine Hepburn, and she has had several offers of screen work. She married Claude Strickland in 1934, and they live in Duke Street, off Manchester Square. Her father is the Earl of Darnley; her brother, Lord Clifton of Rathmore, who came of age last year, is in the King's Dragoon Guards. She is a first cousin of the television announcer-hostess, Jasmine Bligh

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 42. Robert Taylor

Robert Taylor, né Spangler Arlington Brugh, is a very nice chap. His extraordinary rise to fame in Hollywood has left him neither dazed nor spoilt. Most people would certainly lose their sense of proportion if they found themselves the World's Lover No. 1. Fortunately for Bob Taylor, he is a Small Town Boy. He was actually born in Filley, Nebraska, though the family moved later to Beatrice, Nebraska. His father was a doctor, who could just afford to send him to college at Doane and later to Pomona, California. Taylor had a poorish time at Pomona. Even then he was very good-looking, and the other undergraduates scornfully called him "The Sheik." It is curious that his first picture in England, *A Yank at Oxford*, which he is now making at Denham, should be based on the same theme—of an unpopular undergraduate.

It was while he was playing in college theatricals that an M.-.G.-M. talent scout spotted him and arranged for him to have a screen test. Taylor was naturally excited, though chiefly at the prospect of perhaps seeing Greta Garbo or Joan Crawford. Nothing happened, and the next few months he underwent a further series of tests. Each time he was in a fever of expectancy. Each time he was damped down by a complete lack of reaction from the studio. Finally he got a "bit" in a picture starring Will Rogers. It was called *Handy Andy*. I notice that M.-G.-M. like to forget this film and say that his first part was in *Society Doctor*. But I have it from Taylor himself that *Handy Andy* was his first effort. A slow, steady period of grooming ensued. He was told to go to an expensive tailor. He was told to alter his hair-cut (previously he had parted his hair on one side or the other as fancy dictated). To-day his V-shaped widow's peak hair-cut has set the fashion for college youths all over America.

Dispensing with the short but significant sequence of successful pictures in which he starred or co-starred, I find him to-day a most likeable young man—the antithesis of what the Englishman expects the Middle Westerner to be. He has excellent manners and a varied vocabulary. Indeed, he is still so young that he is passing through the stage where most sentences are studded with propitiatory references to the Almighty. But his primary quality is being Small Town. Understand, though, that I use this phrase in a complimentary way. He hates crowds, likes the country, and would sooner be at his stud farm outside Hollywood than anywhere else. He likes high-powered motor cars and open exhausts. He smokes a lot of cigarettes, but scarcely drinks at all. His tastes in food are very odd. He eats no fruit, no fish, no chicken, and no vegetables except sweet corn and potatoes. He is a prize-fight fan, and every morning has a cold bath before he goes to the studio. He throws no temperaments in the studio. He is very easy to get on with. He has no mannerisms except possibly that of jerking his thumb upwards to emphasise a point. If he had not been captured by the films he would probably be the handsome young country doctor in some straggling village in Nebraska. The alternative would have been to become a 'cellist. He would have made this his career if he could have afforded to study in Europe. His present hobby is collecting different types of ribbed sweaters—the more ribbed the better. He has over fifty already, and finds London a happy hunting ground; for London, apart from Los Angeles and New York (where he once spent nine days), is the first big town he has ever visited. And at that he is living in a village near Denham.

Charles Graves

She Knits According to the Instructions

Lady X Relaxes

Off-the-Set Pictures of Merle Oberon at Denham

Merle Oberon's latest film, *The Divorce of Lady X*, was finished about ten days ago, and is to be shown in November at a gala première in aid of the new Westminster Hospital. Laurence Olivier plays opposite her in this Technicolor comedy of social life; Tim Whelan directed and got the shooting through in seven weeks—a record for colour work. These riding clothes of Merle Oberon's are part of the final scenes, when the socialites go hunting; the knitting and tea-party were just to pass the time between shots. She has been on holiday since the film was finished, and was in Paris with René Hubert, the dress-designer, choosing clothes for another picture, Robert Sherwood's *Over the Moon*, now in production under William K. Howard's direction

A Diplomatic Greeting

Dr. Milan Stoyadinovitch, Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs of Yugoslavia, was met at Victoria by Mr. Anthony Eden, when he arrived in London last week. The object of his visit was to meet British statesmen, and especially the Foreign Office leaders, and to discuss with them his country's point of view on various questions

A Discussion on Recruiting

Mr. Hore-Belisha and Mr. Ben Tillett drank to each other's good health before the luncheon at the National Trade Union Club, when the War Minister spoke to the Trades Union leaders about his new recruiting scheme. Mr. Tillett is the famous ex-leader of the Dockers' Union

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE have been some very mysterious manœuvres in diplomatic circles during the last few days. The strong front of London and Paris has suddenly become not quite so strong. After inviting the Italians to a Three-Power Conference about the volunteers in Spain, coupled with a strong hint that an Italian refusal to play would immediately involve the opening of the Pyrenian frontier, both the British and French Governments have suddenly changed their minds. Mussolini duly has refused to play, but the frontier is not yet to be opened, and the whole diplomatic discussion has gone back once again to the Non-Intervention Committee. This is undoubtedly a score for the Italians. However, both the British and the French are strongly in favour of this last chance being taken or refused quickly. The Committee has, so far, a pretty good record of procrastination. The talk of hurrying it up is obviously to cover the fact that Rome has succeeded in laying the foundations for a new series of delays.

IT is now reported that Paris has a new idea, which is that Minorca should be occupied by a joint British and French force. This was obviously inspired by the very legitimate French fear of the Italian occupation of Majorca. The Italians, if they remain indefinitely in Majorca, will have a submarine base and an air base lying across the vital French route from Northern Africa to Marseilles and Toulon. As a counter to this, Minorca would be perfect. Port Mahon was not so long ago brought up to date and refitted by a famous British engineering firm, and a French base at Port Mahon would be even more valuable than an Italian base either at Palma or in the Bay of Pollensa. It is, however, very unlikely that London will agree to such a hazardous undertaking as a landing of the joint armies on the island.

THE success or failure of the new Republican offensive on the Aragon front will make a big difference in Paris. There is undoubtedly a powerful section of opinion in Paris which argues that Franco is on the point of winning the Spanish war, and to open the frontier now would not help Valencia to escape the inevitable disaster, and would only annoy the General, who is on the point of controlling the whole of Spain. A Republican failure, therefore, in Aragon will harden this body of opinion.

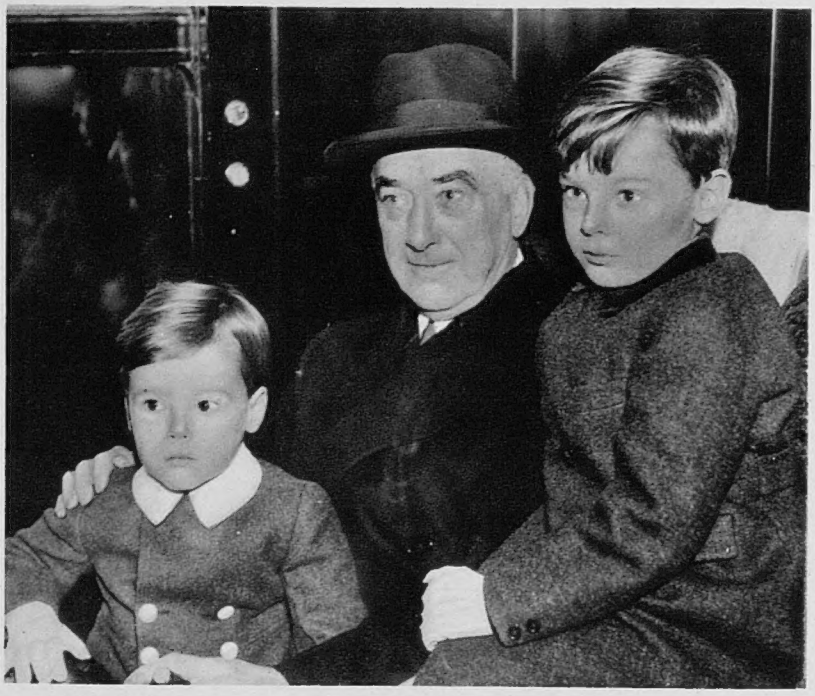
AS I have often said on this page, nothing is so repugnant to a journalist as having to apologise. But I have found something even more bitter, and that is apologising unnecessarily. A fortnight ago I confidently said that the Nyon Agreement had eliminated the pirates in the Mediterranean. A week ago I apologised for this statement because the attack on the Basilisk took place after we had gone to press. Now the Admiralty says that there was no attack on the Basilisk at all, and so I need not have apologised. All the same, if it had not been that a porpoise is alleged to have masqueraded as the torpedo, I would have said that the whole incident was a trifle fishy. As it is, of course, I would never dream of perpetrating such an outrage. My own theory is that the Admiralty got unexpected proof that the Basilisk really did sink a submarine with all hands, and that the Foreign Office is not at all anxious to tell the world the nationality of it. There is no sort of foundation for this wild speculation, but at any rate it would explain the facts.

HORRORS continue to be piled on horrors in the Far East and the Chinese who escape bombs and bullets are now being driven into the floods to drown. But the conflict at least is being kept at the moment within the limits of the Far East. Those limits would very quickly disappear if, as it is rumoured, the Japanese are contemplating the seizure of Vladivostock. Soviet Russia would be compelled to fight, and the possibilities of disaster for the world would become enormous. Of course, Tokio is terrified of the existence of the Russian air-base at Vladivostock, for Tokio is within comparatively easy range of a modern bomber. But what would Germany and Italy do if Russia was imbroiled in the Far East? The balance of influence in Europe would tilt very sharply in their favour.

MORE headaches for historians are being prepared in the news which arrives every day from Abyssinia. On Monday a gentleman will write a long and convincing letter that the Italians, in the intervals of building wonderful roads and raising wonderful crops, spend their time playing "Ring-a-ring-a-roses" with the Abyssinians. On Tuesday a

A Governor's Departure

Sir Leslie Orme Wilson, Governor of Queensland since 1932, went back to Brisbane last week after his holiday. Lady Wilson went with him, and their daughter, Miss Marjorie Wilson, saw them off at Victoria. Sir Leslie Wilson was Governor of Bombay from 1923 to 1928



A Business Magnate's Departure

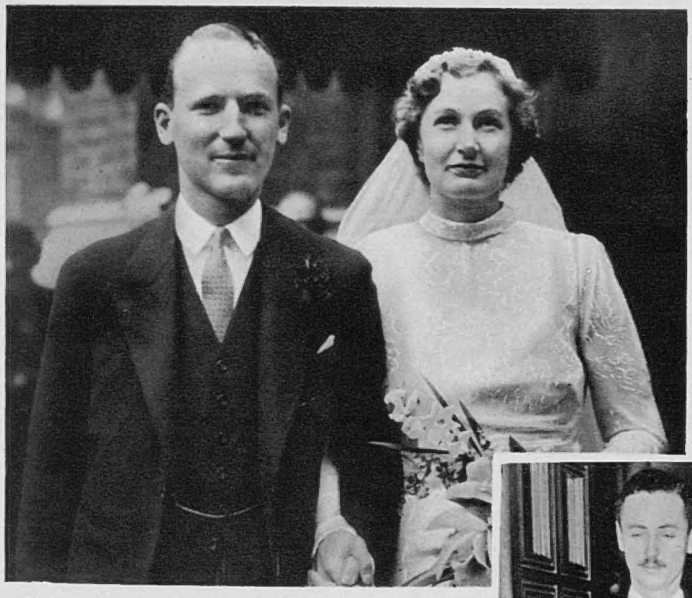
Lord McGowan, chairman and managing director of Imperial Chemicals, and the most inveterate traveller among business men, has gone off again, this time to New York on the Queen Mary. His two grandsons, Peter and Michael Stephens, saw him off

telegram will be published saying that in one of the few places where the Italians have any control, fifty officers have been killed in guerrilla warfare. On the Wednesday someone will agree with the first gentleman, with the exception that the dance is "here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush." And on the Thursday an indignant correspondent will maintain that it was eighty officers that were killed. And so where are we ?

LABOUR has at last scored a success in a by-election with Dr. Hayden Guest's election in Islington. The figures, however, cannot give them much consolation. Coming right on top of the Bournemouth Socialist Conference, with all the publicity and the talk about "closing the ranks" and so on, the Labour poll is nearly 3000 less than at the last election. It is true that the Conservative poll is down by more than 8000, but that is a natural by-election experience for a party in office for some time and on the defensive.

WITHIN the last few days I have come across two beautiful examples of journalistic out-of-dateness. The first occurred in the *Daily Herald*, when large headlines announced that Mr. H. V. Morton had discovered in an alleyway near the Elephant and Castle an artist called Mr. Austin Spare. Mr. Spare was discovered a couple of years ago by another newspaper, and a year before that by another, and, in fact, is discovered pretty regularly once every eighteen months. I myself remember buying a magazine called *Form*, edited by Mr. Spare, and containing a great number of his drawings in the early part of 1916.

The second example comes from that snappy, hustling periodical, *The New Yorker*. Under the heading "Recent Happenings," *The New Yorker* publishes a story of a small animal called the gopher, something like a squirrel, which stole 250 golf balls under the impression that they were eggs and hid them in a nest against the impending winter. This story has been published every year in our golf annual for at least ten years, and is well known to every golfer who has whiled away a wet afternoon in the club-house with that fascinating mine of statistics. *The New Yorker* really ought to bustle about and get to know things.



Mr. Lillingston and Miss McLintock

Malcolm George Lillingston and Mary McLintock were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of Canon A. B. G. Lillingston, of the College, Durham ; his father and his uncle, Canon G. A. Campbell, officiated. Miss McLintock is the daughter of Sir William and Lady McLintock, of Tudor Lodge, Wimbledon

Right : Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart, fourth son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, and Jane von Bahr, daughter of Captain and Mrs. von Bahr, of Stockholm, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place, and have gone motoring in North Africa for their honeymoon

Lord Patrick Stuart and Miss von Bahr

Paul Muni as Zola

The Film of the Great Frenchman's Life Goes to the Carlton To-night

Zola and Nana

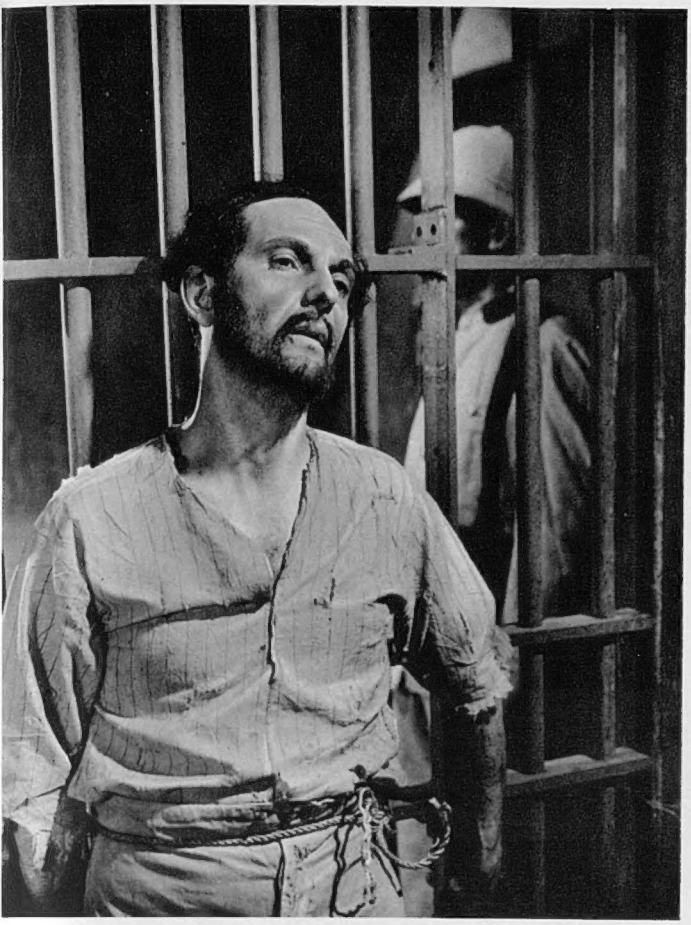
The Paris prostitute, who inspired Zola's novel about the under-world, "Nana," is played by Erin O'Brien Moore

Zola and Cézanne

The story of the friendship and clashes between Zola and Paul Cézanne, the great French Impressionist painter, forms part of the film, with Cézanne played by Vladimir Sokoloff

The Life of Emile Zola is a great film, finely conceived, finely directed, superbly acted. For Muni it is a worthy successor to his Pasteur film and *The Good Earth*, and adds even further to his stature as an actor, as the most brilliant screen actor of the day. His wife, Gale Sondergaard, as Mme. Dreyfus, and Josef Schildkraut as Dreyfus, have the other chief rôles; the director is William Dieterle. "The Times" Hollywood correspondent wrote of this film: "Everything about the film rings true; it emphasises the crying need of truth in a world misled by the blind, unreasoning evils of prejudice and corruption, and ends with an impassioned plea for peace." *The Life of Emile Zola* goes to the Carlton to-night, Wednesday

Above are Georges Clemenceau (Grant Mitchell), Anatole France (Morris Carnovsky), Maître Labori, Zola's lawyer (Donald Crisp), Zola and his wife (Gloria Holden). On the right are Robert Barratt as Major Walsin-Esterhazy and Gale Sondergaard as Mme. Dreyfus

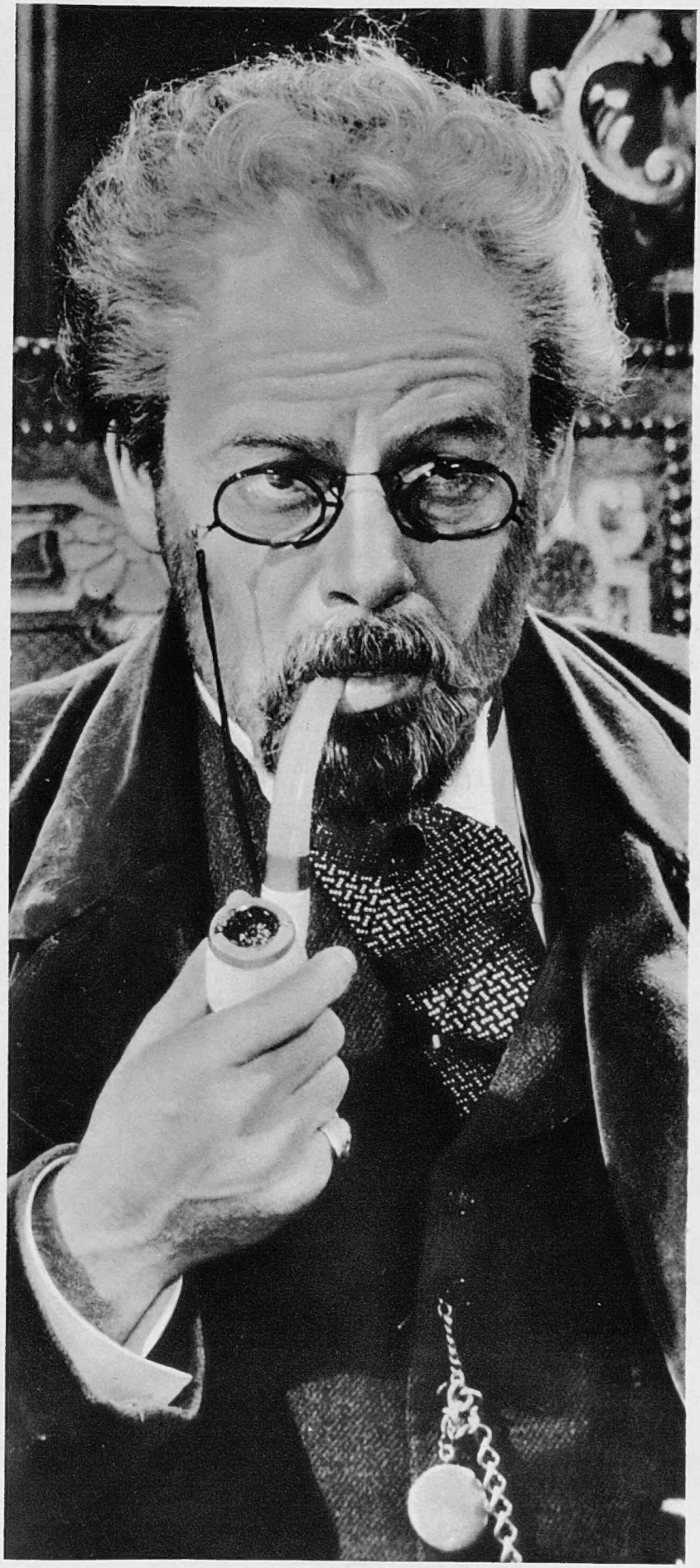


Alfred Dreyfus in Prison

The Dreyfus affair and Zola's part in it give the film its central dramatic interest. Dreyfus himself is finely played by Josef Schildkraut

Epilogue

Anatole France (Morris Carnovsky) delivers his oration ("he was a moment of the conscience of man") at Zola's funeral



The Writer of "J'Accuse"

Paul Muni undertook an immense study for his characterisation of Zola, reading everything available about him, steeping himself in Zola's own books and in the atmosphere of Paris of the day. As always, his make-up throughout the film is masterly

Social Register

A CHARITY DINNER

Princess de Chimay and Her Father

Viscount and Viscountess Curzon

The pictures above were taken at the Battersea Hospital's festival dinner at Claridge's. Lord Ernest Hamilton, the Duke of Abercorn's uncle, is president of the Hospital. Princess Alphonse de Caraman-Chimay is his elder daughter. Lord and Lady Curzon were two more of the guests

EXTENSION NIGHT AT A RESTAURANT

Viscount and Viscountess Milton

They had one of their last evenings out in London at the Café de Paris before sailing for America. Lord Milton is Lord Fitzwilliam's heir; his wife was Olive Plunket

Miss King and Lord Gillford

Miss Agnes Celestria King is Lady Clare King's twenty-year-old daughter. She was with the Earl of Clanwilliam's son and heir

THREE CHRISTENINGS

The Christening of Caroline Victoria Wood

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood's baby daughter was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and had as godparents Miss Priscilla Bullock (out of picture), the Hon. Peter Wood (left), and the Duchess of Norfolk (holding the child). Mrs. Wood was Miss Ruth Primrose before her marriage last year in St. Paul's Cathedral to Lord Halifax's M.P. son and heir

THREE ENGAGED COUPLES

Right: Peter Lunn and Antoinette Preston's engagement was another of the autumn crop. He is Mr. Arnold and Lady Mabel Lunn's son; she is the late Lord Gormanston and Lady Gormanston's daughter

Miss Preston and Mr. Peter Lunn

Lord Clydesdale and Lady Elizabeth Percy

The Duke of Hamilton's heir and the Duke of Northumberland's sister were photographed at Dungavel House, in Lanarkshire, where Lord Clydesdale lives. Shortly after their engagement was announced, the wedding was fixed for December 2nd at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

Right: the Marquis de Casa Maury and Mrs. Dudley Ward announced their engagement last week, and were photographed the same night at the premiere at the Curzon Cinema, of which he is managing director. Mrs. Dudley Ward is the eldest daughter of the late Col. Charles Birkin; her marriage with Mr. William Dudley Ward was dissolved in 1931

M. de Casa Maury and Mrs. Dudley Ward

Below: the father at this christening (at St. George's, Hanover Square) is the tallest officer in the Blues—Mr. Henry Garnett. His baby daughter was given the names of Sarah Annabella Mary. Mrs. Garnett was Mary Gerard Leigh before their marriage last year

Below: and the father at this christening (at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh) is the tallest man in the peerage—Lord Reay, Chief of the Clan Mackay. His son, the Master of Reay, was christened Hugh William; he also bears a courtesy style of Baron from his father's Dutch title. Lady Reay was Charlotte Younger

A WEDDING

Mr. G. Cavendish and Miss Pharazyn

Geoffrey Cavendish, younger son of the late Tyrell Cavendish and Mrs. Cavendish, of Crakemarsh Hall, Uttoxeter, married Cecilia Pharazyn at Brompton Oratory. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Pharazyn, of Hawkes Bay, N.Z.

Anthony

Captain Bruce Ottley — Chairman of Covent Garden

England, on the whole without realising it, owes a great deal of its music and ballet to men like Bruce Ottley who are willing to spend their money and, more important still, to devote their time, enthusiasm and ability to the organised presentation of the arts. Captain Ottley has been chairman of Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes for five years—since the company was first formed—and now he is also chairman of the new Covent Garden syndicate which is running the Royal Opera House from September to February. He is deeply interested in music as well as ballet, and is himself, though with great modesty, a pianist and composer. The other side of Bruce Ottley's life is a business one; he is a director of Erlangers, Ltd., and chairman of a number of companies, including the United Kingdom Gas Corporation. He was at Eton and Balliol, served in France and the East during the war, married Claudia Snagge, Sir Harold Snagge's eldest daughter, in 1923, and has a son at Eton, and a nine-year-old daughter

The Autumn Ballet Season

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE Autumn season has been an unusually busy one for ballet, with three new works and a number of revivals. Without a doubt, the most important, not only this season, but for a very long time, has been *Checkmate*—Bliss's score is a deeply moving piece of music that will stand on its own, McKnight Kauffer's décor and costumes are striking yet take their place theatrically, and de Valois' choregraphy is rich, inventive and even masterly in its final climax.

This work is serious; its symbolism of a struggle on the chessboard between love and death is magnificently indicated and, most important of all, it is all of one piece. Its fault—and this is a personal judgment—lies in the timing. Many of the climaxes, admirable in themselves, are too long delayed to make their maximum effect. This slowness indicates the tension of the game, but it tries the spectator, and places a strain on the dancers. The manner in which Helpmann sustains his rôle of doddering, terrified senility is a remarkable piece of stagecraft, one of the best things he has done.

The cast is splendid. The preliminary showing in Paris and the provinces left no first-night untidiness. June Brae's relentlessly pursuing Queen, Judith from an Italian painting, Pamela May's protective wife, and Harold Turner's chivalrous Knight make up a memorable ensemble. It was an excellent notion, that should be copied by every company everywhere, to place leading dancers in subsidiary rôles. Ashton, Fonteyn and Honer gave strength and unity to the whole.

THE biggest de Basil production was Fokine's ballet to the Rimsky-Korsakov *Coq d'Or*. The musical pundits have had their say, and they are right, as always—*on paper*. Of course, the music suffered by its transposition, but the dancer was able to give a far finer picture of Pouchkine's heroine, the Queen of Shemakhan, than any singer, and the majority of the audience were carried off to King Dodon's fantastic court without any remorse for the *vandalism* involved. Ballet is far more for the musical theatregoer than for the musical specialist who resents most things outside the highly solemn atmosphere of the concert hall. It is obvious that the ideal ballet is a collaboration, but *vandalism* is responsible for *Les Sylphides, Scheherazade, Carnaval*, not to mention the hotly debated symphonies.

In *Le Coq d'Or* Fokine has given us a true fairy-tale, naïve, robustly humorous and with a sense of fantasy in the third tableau that equals anything he has done in that line. He has told his story in dancing, recitative and aria, but always dancing, and with all the clarity and directness that he inaugurated at the beginning of the century, the birth of modern ballet. This is not from beginning to end an inspired work as *Petrouchka* is, but it is the fine work of a master craftsman, and it gains with each visit.

Gontcharova's costumes are truly a marvel of theatre knowledge as well as of decorative art; intricate in design, bright and many-coloured, yet in their massed effect entirely harmonious and even simple. The Russian style has been greatly overdone in the Chauve Souris and by its countless imitators. Gontcharova alone can give it life and meaning.

A FINE setting in sharp contrast was the French painter Pierre Roy's delicate absurdity for *Le Lion Amoureux*, a return to the Diaghileff manner. In such a room a lion may well fall in love with a woman and dance with her. The decorative aspect was the one real success of this work. The music by Karol Ratthaus is fairly effective theatre, but it is not of the kind that could guide or inspire a choregrapher. It is, in fact, nearer the film than the ballet, with a modern type of orchestration that has become a formula. Under these circumstances Lichine's choregraphy shows a certain emptiness with, at times, a pretty invention in his own lion dance, an audacious and amusing translation of many mornings at the Zoo.

Backstage at Sadler's Wells

Margot Fonteyn and Pearl Argyle are dressed for "Pomona," in which they alternate the leading rôle. With them is Frederick Ashton, the choregrapher of the ballet, which has been brought back into the Wells' repertoire this season

This little work was an excuse for Alice Nikitina's return to ballet. When she first joined Diaghileff she had more charm and promise than I had ever seen in a young dancer, all her dancing was informed by a keen intelligence; she lacked the strength alone to make her outstanding. To-day, she has for me all her former charm, a beautiful line, but still no great strength. I was grateful to have seen this unusual personality once again.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the season was the chance to compare Lichine's *Gods Go a-Begging* with De Valois'. The Wells version was clearer, more consistent, better produced and more Handelian, but certain portions of the Lichine ballet reached a higher level of inspiration, notably the pas de deux and the Shepherd's solo.

ALL the happenings of this autumn season, including the revival of the Ashton-Lambert *Pomona*, the first English ballet of note, produced as long as seven years ago, provide a powerful lesson to anyone prepared to examine them critically. Consistency is the keynote of the English system, consistency within each individual work and consistency of progress. Under the guidance of Constant Lambert—to my mind the biggest figure on the musical side of ballet—the selection and use of music at the Wells has given its choregraphers a start and a line of action that the Russians have long lacked.

The Russians still shine by their brilliance, but they have not advanced their standards of production. Their main advance has been in dancing. Baronova's Queen of Shemakhan is a really major performance. How many people noticed the incredible technical difficulty of this sustained rôle, so easily and surely did she attack it? Baronova, almost alone in her generation, has passed beyond technique. Also, this season has shown a young male dancer of great promise in Lazovsky. He has the rhythm of a young Woizikovsky, with an added elegance and a truly infectious gaiety. He should go far, but prophecy is dangerous in the case of men—they lose their heads so, much more easily than does the frailer sex.

Unless the Russians cease their "civil war," visit fewer American cities and stay longer where they can plan and concentrate, their supremacy may well be shaken within a very few years. However, I have a firm belief in the tactics of Colonel de Basil and the Russian genius for muddling through.

Backstage at Covent Garden

A snapshot taken during the past de Basil season—of David Lichine, Robert Alva (at the piano), Alexandra Danilova, and Yurek Shabelevsky going through the music of "The Gods Go a-Begging." This was one of the two new ballets Lichine produced this autumn

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Last Straw" (Comedy)

FUNDAMENTALLY, this is a play of high and gaudy brutality. Jacobethans who flocked to Webster would have lapped it up. And though the thumbscrew and the rack are out of date, there is as large a public as ever for twisted arms and tortured souls—which public, whether the details of Varsity life be accurate or no, will unquestionably relish the first-act rag in Wolfe Guldeford's rooms on his last night at Oxford.

Did I say rag? That word is surely too mild for this unbridled onslaught by inebriated, athletic philistines on the domain of an unpopular, hysterical æsthete. His face is bashed, his piano smashed, his priceless bric-à-brac reduced to debris, even his love insulted. Outrageous. Disgraceful. But shed no crocodile tears over the fact that Wolfe was born to suffer. Rather rejoice that even at school he was once buried alive. You know you like it. So face the truth, and hit him again, you brutes!

FOLLOWS Gulde's revenge. This should be good—and good, under the capable handling of Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, it is. Dick Seele, the arch-cad of the night before, comes rather insolently to apologise. Gulde startles him with magnanimity. These things will happen. Say no more about it. How decent of Gulde, when Seele declares that he has a head like a steam-engine, to offer to cure it with a hypodermic injection. The needle is inserted. Close at hand is a trunk. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a trunk for a trunk.

But what to do with the trunk when the body—unconscious, but still animate—is in it? Gulde has a country cottage—if a cottage on the lonely marshes can be called a country cottage. True, he has let this cottage to some people called Duveen. But their time was up days ago. And no one for miles around.

So, to the gloomy flats, where, under the soughing winds, deep marsh-pits gape for food.

THE Duveens, however, have not departed. So jolly did they find the marshes that they stayed on a few days longer. The trunk is in the parlour before they are finally out of it. And when they do go, and Gulde is wiping the sweat from his rather overworked brow, crash! A car accident—an injury to the girl—an imperative demand for one more night—and such inhospitable behaviour on the part of Gulde that suspicion is inevitably roused.

The last half of the play is a duel between Gulde and Sonia Duveen, with interludes of local comedy which, though we sit in the Comedy Theatre, seem nevertheless out of place. But so well do the authors maintain the tension, so resourcefully does Marius Goring explore the horrors of a guilty and imaginative mind face to face with detection, and with so firm a sense of truth does Lucie Mannheim react to the exigencies of her various touch-and-go dilemmas, that we are more than ready to overlook details and to cry, with the Smee of our childhood: "Oh, horror piled on horror do horrify me most horribly."

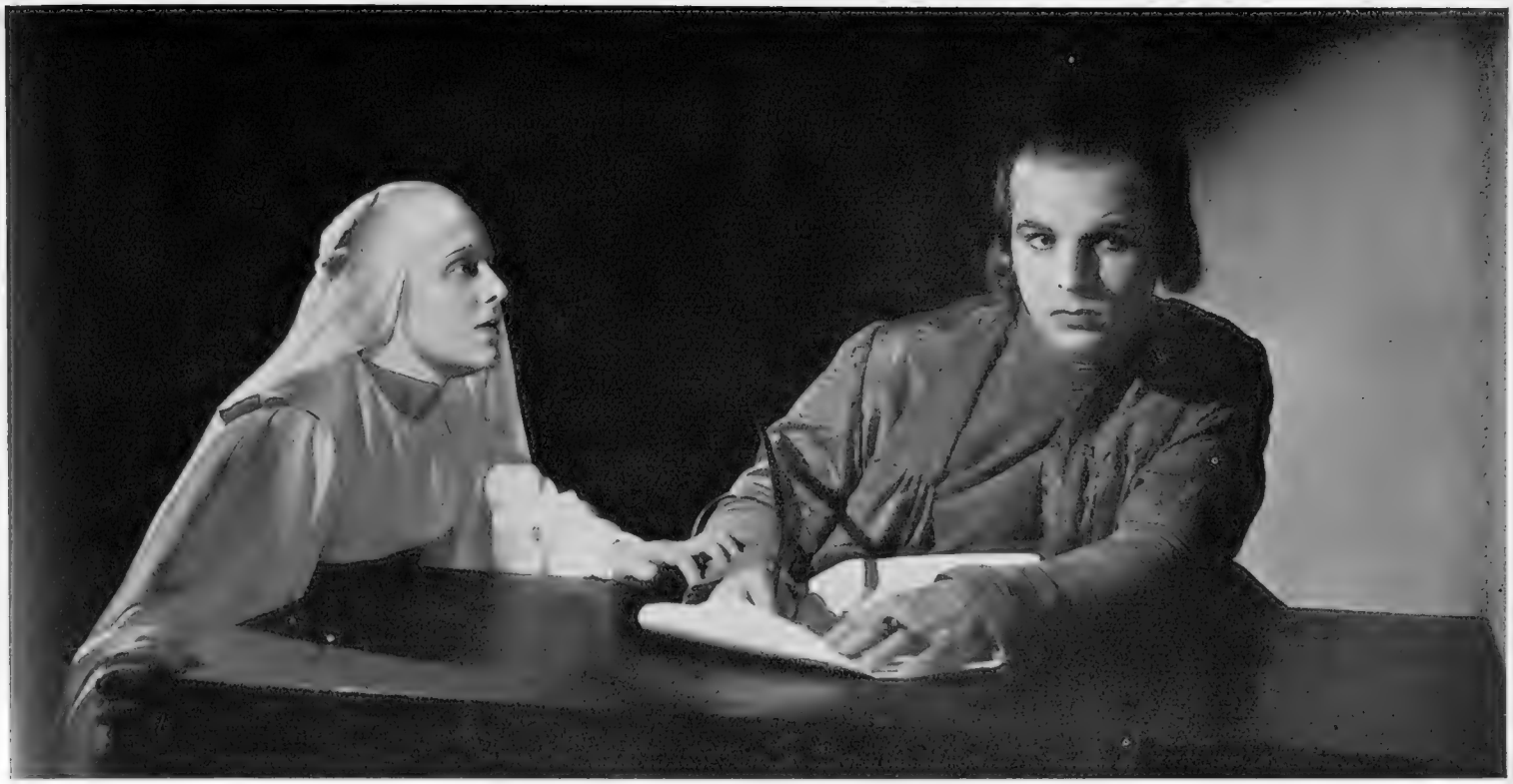
NOW you know what you are in for. If you think you 'll like it, I am sure you will. If you think you won't, I am equally sure you won't. Remains only to be added that I did. The best thing of its kind since *Night Must Fall*. Which was the best thing of its kind since *Rope*.

Dick Seele, a cad (André Morell)

Sketches by Rouson

A thriller addict finds the real thing: Tom Gill

Pacifying the would-be assassin: Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring



Marie Ney as Isabella; Emlyn Williams as Angelo

"Measure for Measure"

The First Shakespeare Play of the Old Vic Season

Marie Ney is now at the Old Vic for the fourth time in her stage career. Emlyn Williams, on the other hand, had never before played to the audiences of Waterloo Road, who can give an actor keener appreciation and a warmer response than any audience in London. In *Measure for Measure* Marie Ney plays Isabella, Emlyn Williams Angelo (it 's also his first professional appearance in Shakespeare); Jean Cadell, Jay Laurier, Stephen Murray and David King Wood are also in the cast. Tyrone Guthrie produced; Frank Scarlett, F.R.I.B.A., has done his first work for the stage in the effective architectural setting. The play began its run last week, and will be followed by *Ghosts*, in which Miss Ney and Mr. Williams will also appear

Photographs by Anthony

Films of the Day

Three Disappointments: By George Campbell

A NEW menace, lineal descendant of Olga Petrova and Theda Bara, has just made her screen debut. Her technique may be studied in the Twentieth Century-Fox musical, *You Can't Have Everything*. It seems that when Darryl Zanuck was casting the rôle he had an inspiration. Appearing on Broadway was a lady who did not need everything. Her name was Gipsy Rose Lee, and she was New York's greatest exponent of the strip-tease.

Mr. Zanuck studied her act, for some years a knock-out with America's army of tired business men, he liked her expression, and almost before she had emerged from the pale-pink light essential to the flowering of her art (for no true artiste, anyway, no ladylike artiste, disrobes in a vulgar white light, according to Miss Lee), she had signed a contract to appear on the screen. So here she is in *You Can't Have Everything*, and not at all a bad actress, either, with a sonorous voice, a by no means amateurish touch in putting over a line, and a face not without beauty and character. Whether her fans in general, and the army of t.b.m. in particular, will know her with her clothes on, remains to be seen.

Miss Lee apart, *You Can't Have Everything* has practically nothing to commend it. The story (by that admirable actor, Gregory Ratoff) is embellished with every cliché from the card-index, and there is not, as there was in *Artists and Models*, a comedian like Jack Benny, and a constant crackling of wit by way of compensation. Instead we have Don Ameche, who made a hit as the Indian hero in *Ramona* and has been shockingly dull ever since; Alice Faye, who croons agreeably, even if her crouching stance does suggest martyrdom to stomach-ache; Charles Winninger, not given much opportunity to be funny; and the Ritz Brothers, who have wit enough to see that the Marx Brothers are brilliant, but not enough to see why. There is also a scene where a Negro made up like the Emperor of Abyssinia steps down from his throne and does a step dance—a caddish jibe at a fallen ruler which the Censor should have cut.

WESTERN history, Indian thrillers, oats operas—I love them all. But I have never been able to read Peter B. Kyne, and somehow I feel *The Go-Getter* is a justification. The crash of the airship, in which the hero (George Brent) loses his leg, is well enough done, and so are his first disheartening attempts to get a job from as unpleasant a gang as were ever represented on the screen as normal American business men. He is given a trial through a girl whom he mistakes for a housemaid, but who turns out, as anybody but a film hero would have guessed, to be the boss's daughter; and thereafter the story starts limping, too. You are asked to believe that the kind-hearted old boss, after the lame hero has been a brilliant success as a salesman, will test him further by making him hobble all over the town at night looking for a cloisonné vase in a closed shop the position of which has been wrongly given, just to make it harder. If he finds the vase and the shopkeeper, and succeeds in raising a thousand dollars and landing by 'plane on a dark field and stopping a train and delivering the vase to the boss, then he is obviously the man to manage the firm's business out in Shanghai.

Up to this point the plot is fairly conservative. Soon we get to the point where the testy old boss reserves every cabin on a liner to prevent the young couple leaving on their honeymoon, and they jump overboard fourteen miles from land because the boss needs him to settle a strike, and——Anyway, it wouldn't matter if you never saw it.

GARY COOPER and Claudette Colbert apart, Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer are my favourite young players. Imagine the high hopes with which I sat down to *Big City* and the growing dismay with which I watched its unveiling. For *Big City* is hokum, and poor hokum at that. Early clashes between an unscrupulous taxi company and the independents promised an exciting *exposé* of racketeering. All it exposed was the limitations of Norman Krasna's story and Frank Borzage's direction. The action fizzles out in sentimental gambolings between Miss Rainer and Mr. Tracy and is revived, too late, in a free-for-all scrap (slug-fest is the local idiom) between the racketeers and a score of famous pugilists and wrestlers who are dining with the Mayor when the hero makes his appeal. The slugging would be more interesting if you had met some of the characters on each side, but even so the scene has a comic gusto and absurdity that help to redeem a thoroughly trashy picture.

TWO foreign comedies have points of interest. *G'schichten aus dem Wienerwald* is basically just another Vienna musical, but Leo Slezak has wit, the hero (remarkably like the Duke of Windsor) has charm, and Magda Schneider's face is pretty enough to compensate for shoulders like Mickey Walker's and a singularly ungraceful walk.

In *Les Perles de la Couronne* Sacha Guitry makes another experiment in technique. Around the pearls in the Crown of England he has woven what he describes as "a pageant of fact and fancy, adventure and romance." The search for the pearls takes us to Persia and Abyssinia—where the hero is vamped by an Empress wearing two magnificent pearls in her ears and a snake around her neck. We meet Francis I. and Catherine de Medici, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, Napoleon and Josephine; and through it all M. Guitry keeps bobbing up, as Francis I., and Barras and Napoleon III. and a modern detective, always credible and witty. I wish I could say the same for all his English colleagues.

"You Can't Have Everything"

Charles Winninger and Louise Hovick are the names of these two out of Darryl Zannuck's not particularly distinguished comedy which went to the Regal ten days ago. Louise Hovick, alias Gypsy Rose Lee, graduated to Hollywood from New York's strip-teasery. Don Ameche, Alice Faye and the Ritz Brothers are the others in the film

"Les Perles de la Couronne"

It is the enlightened Curzon Cinema that has launched in London the Sacha Guitry success from Paris. It covers a vast panorama of history, has tri-lingual cast and dialogue, and shows Guitry himself as various important figures, such as here, Francis the First of France. He is with Walter as Montmorency

Shirley Gets Into a Kilt

"Wee Willie Winkie" Lets the Little American Mix with the Military

Shirley Temple and Victor McLaglen

Shirley Temple has always had a film way with the hearts of elderly men; below her victim is the colonel of a Highland regiment, a "gruff old disciplinarian," played to the life by C. Aubrey Smith. He is one of England's greatest gifts to Hollywood in this kind of old-school-tie part

Near the Frontiah: C. Aubrey Smith

The Grizzled Soldier and the Little Girl

The famous Kipling story has now been turned into a vehicle for the curly, chubby, dimply child who eclipses even her own previous efforts now she has got into kilts and among the English military. Colonels, tough Sergeants (you can see that Victor McLaglen is putty in her little fists), native chieftains (Cesar Romero is Khoda Khan) melt before her dimples and her drill. There 's a puppy in the film, too, called Ching-Ching; he swallowed a toy whistle while the film was making, which much upset him and his mistress, but after an operation in the field hospital he was back at work next day. John Ford directed Shirley Temple for the first time in *Wee Willie Winkie*, which is now at the Gaumont

A Precarious Life for Tree and Man

Over She Goes: Where a Foot Fault Means Death

Photographs by Dr. B. Kröhn

A Rope Trick in the Dawn

When Flat Rock Feels Like Feathers

Climbing a Needle in the Haute Tatra

A Challenge to Mountaineers in Eastern Czechoslovakia is Accepted

Selecting a Brush

At Work on an Engraving

A Portra
In His S

Gerald Brockl
Work in Che

Specially taken for the
by Howard Coster, F.R.

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Mr. Brockhurst with His Portrait of Marlene Dietrich

Gerald Brockhurst is the highest paid painter and etcher in the world. He has lived in his Tite Street house now for two years and during that time a host of famous people have sat to him in the big studio there where these photographs were taken. For the last five or six years, his pictures have been shown and sold at the Royal Academy with unfailing regularity (there were six this year). He was made an Associate before he had even exhibited. He is also a member of the Royal Societies of Portrait Painters and of Etchers. Born in Birmingham of a family with no painting in it, he cleaned up all the prizes at the local school of art and later at the Royal Academy Schools, Paris and Italy; a period as assistant to Augustus John, and a one-man show at the Chenil Galleries, when only six out of seventy-eight exhibits remained unsold, was his route to fame, and it wasn't so long ago, for he is forty-four

"The Gods Go A-Begging"—English and Russian

Ninette de Valois' and David Lichine's Version of the Same Ballet

William Chappell and Pearl Argyle as the Gods at Sadler's Wells

Yurek Shabelevsky and Alexandra Danilova as the Gods at Covent Garden

For Lichine's version of *The Gods Go a-Begging*, the original arrangement of the music made by Sir Thomas Beecham for Diaghileff was used, and also the lovely Bakst scenery and Juan Gris' dresses. Lichine sends his dancers romping through the formal gaiety of the Handel music, the Ladies and Noblemen boisterously high-spirited, and the Shepherd a genuine rustic with no hint of his disguised divinity. Ninette de Valois, on the other hand, draws a witty and balanced contrast between the mannered elegancies of her aristocracy and the gentle simplicity of her humble divinities, blending her choregraphy closely with the music, and revealing her Gods as Gods in the grand manner. At Covent Garden, Danilova and Shabelevsky took the parts of Serving Maid and Shepherd, the latter giving one of his best and most virile performances in his solo. At the Wells, Pearl Argyle and William Chappell created these rôles when the ballet was produced two years ago; now Elizabeth Miller alternates with Pearl Argyle

Shabelevsky

Danilova

Photographs by Anthony

Three Portraits

To Be Shown by Flora Lion in Her Exhibition Next Week

The Hon. Daphne Pearson

The Viscountess Curzon

Tommy, Son of T. O. M. Sopwith, Esq.

Flora Lion, R.P.S., is giving a one-man exhibition at the Fine Arts Gallery in New Bond Street, which starts next Wednesday, October 27, and will be open until November 13th. Among her exhibits will be this attractive picture of Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith's small son, and the portraits of Lady Curzon (Priscilla Weigall that was) and the Hon. Daphne Pearson, Lord Cowdray's youngest sister, who is nineteen this year. Flora Lion had three portraits in last summer's Academy, including one of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and one of Sir Henry Wood. This will be her third one-man show in London

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Yes, but how much are they a box? "

HAVING presented a tablet in honour of Izaak Walton's friend Charles Cotton to St. James's, Piccadilly, the Fly Fishers' Club, who live opposite, appear to think they 've done their duty by the Establishment and can now lie back till the angels call for them. We gathered this from the insufferably smug expression of a member we know who was at the ceremony, being his first appearance inside St. James's, Piccadilly, or any other church. This set us thinking of the myriad social difficulties which must clutter up the existence of an incumbent of this parish, which embraces most of Clubland, Piccadilly, Jermyn Street (we can think right now of a few parishioners there we 'd hesitate to call on), Albany, the Ritz, the Burlington Arcade, Burlington House, Fortnum and Mason (" Haven't seen you at Evensong lately, Mr. Fortnum ! "), and so forth—practically the most expensive parish in Town.

They 've just refurbished the Wren interior of St. James's, and Sir Reginald Blomfield's new wrought-iron gates are very attractive. It 's the only relic of seventeenth-century Piccadilly left, if we 're not gravely in error. You might say a churchgoing drive throughout Clubland is now obviously indicated, but how romantic a dream a packed Sunday congregation of clubmen at St. James's is you can see at once for yourself. The Athenæum, for example, not only wouldn't share a pew with the R.A.C., but wouldn't be seen dead in the same churchyard (which, incidentally, is long since closed, the cost of dying in Piccadilly having become prohibitive many years ago). Clubs like the Marlborough, the St. James's, and the Carlton would naturally require front pews, carefully partitioned off, and we can't see the " Rag " or the Bath or the Turf sharing a hymn-book with the Burlington Fine Arts or the Reform, still less with the Empress, described officially as " a club for ladies of position." So everything considered, the chances of calling on a Sunday at a given club in this parish and being told by the head porter that the gentlemen are all at Matins is pretty remote. More shame to them, say we.

Poet

WITH a certain amount of pomp and circumstance, Lord Horder unveiled a memorial the other day to Edward Thomas, the poet, who fell at Arras in 1917. The Poet Laureate made a speech saying that if Thomas had preached he would have swayed the world, so beautiful was his speaking voice : a rhetorical claim we take leave to doubt very gravely, for the reasons (*a*) that Thomas was a good but not a great poet, and his " message " was the usual cloudy sentimental Nature stuff ; and (*b*) that such a message would mean nothing whatsoever to three-quarters of the civilised world, as anyone with an equally beautiful voice and a similar " message " can discover for himself by delivering it in Paris, Rome, Budapest, or Warsaw, for a start.

It 's time, in our opinion, somebody took a stand against all this boosting of the Nature boys and their alleged gifts of divine insight and prophecy. They 're all right so long as they keep their noses stuck firmly in Mother Earth, or when they 're going haywire over flowers and birdies, but when they start philosophising (as they invariably do) they show themselves to be merely muzzy, wambling Neo-Pantheists with minds like pink damp cottonwool, from Wordsworth down. We 've just confirmed this impression again from the works of Richard Jefferies, one of Nature's king-pins. A feebler lot of aunties when it comes to tackling the real stuff you never could meet.

What was more interesting was the Poet Laureate's description of the little Soho restaurant where Edward Thomas was head of a coterie or cenacle of Nature boys and other literary lovers of the countryside. That 's where you most often find the boys, in London, and that 's why we never tire of giving Gaffer Henry Williamson a cheer for getting down to the loam in Devonshire. We often used to see the Gaffer about town in years gone by, but he 's now snuggled down in Mother Nature's bosom apparently for good, and all honour to him. Another chap we respect for equal principle is our friend Edmund Blunden, a very fine Nature poet, who gave Mother Nature the air some time ago and is now a landmark of Oxford and a pillar of University, to the great gain of the Academic Groves.

" They look so peaceful, I hate to wake them "

Air Way

HAVING foiled the news-hounds of Fleet Street, Judge Hugo Black of the Supreme Court, U.S., came clean about the Ku Klux Klan over the American radio to 50,000,000 listeners the other day, admitting he was once a Klansman, but saying he gave it up fifteen years ago. Most of the American Press received this statement pretty sceptically (" *Evasion . . . hypocrisy. . . . Plea of a man caught with the goods. . . . Self-confessed Klansman . . . hooded*

shadow on the Bench "), but anyway it 's a statement.

The radio certainly adds a fresh terror to modern politicians' lives. If it had existed during our own Marconi Shares scandal, for example, those Cabinet Ministers whose names were involved could have been practically forced to make personal broadcasts, instead of getting a Commission to whitewash everything and prosecuting Cecil Chesterton for printing what had been openly said in the House of Commons and other places. And a personal statement over the radio is fraught with much more responsibility than any declaration to the Press. For one thing, you can't say afterwards you 've been misquoted, and you can't blame the printer.

Ercher Dept.

Sir James Jeans's latest contribution to Science, an explanation in his new book of why men sing in the bath, stirs our deepest scepticism, possibly because we 've never heard any man sing in a bath, nor met any man who ever had. We 've lived, we 've travelled, we 've stayed countless week-ends, we 've met hosts of people, we 've had 50,000,000 baths, being cleanly, and it is our conviction that singing in the bath is one of those imaginary British conventions invented by *Punch* in the 1860's, when it couldn't think of another joke. Without troubling to turn up this crack, we can give it you more or less as it probably happened, thus :

Vicar (*to little girl who has been rather naughty*) : " Do you like buttercups, my dear ? "

Little Girl (*who has been allowed in to tea " just this once " because the Vicar is coming, but who really doesn't see why she shouldn't have another slice of cherry-cake, like old Lady Gowle, who has called about the bazaar in aid of the Homes for Deserving Dustmen*) : " Advice to those about to sing in the bath : ' Don't ' ! "

(*Collapse of Vicar, who thought the little pet was referring to Evensong !*)

This joke, the nub of the song-in-bath convention, proved so hot that it was repeated in various amusing forms between 1867 and 1937, very often in the form of an arch dialogue between Celia and Reggie, or Pamela and Eric. Having seen it so often in *Punch* the British believed they did sing in the bath, and Science naturally followed suit.

That 's our theory, and we stick to it.

They 're Tough Out West

One of the gossip boys has been taking a justified crack at the manners of smart West End cabaret audiences, which are (to coin a word) lousy. He instanced especially the case of a young entertainer making his West End début the other night and trying gamely to put his stuff over amid the unceasing babble of the audience, few of whom took any notice of him. If we were in a position like that we 'd be apt to waft the contents of an ice-bucket impulsively over the nearest tableful, thus ending our West End career in a blaze of glory and hard knocks.

It isn't a new problem. A hostess in one of Wilde's comedies complains that if she gives people bad music nobody comes, and if good music, nobody listens. It's generally the people who can't ever eat without being loudly entertained at the same time and shun quiet like the plague, who lack the manners to attend to those amusing them. Unfortunately the artist, unless he 's a pretty big one, can't retaliate without losing his job. Waiters can, *and* do (and if you knew how they do, you 'd never be rude to a waiter again, chicks. Ho ! ho !). Musicians especially have a lot to put up with. There are few bitterer ways of earning a living than that of a fine sensitive musician having to play to dinner or supper audiences. The only time we ever saw a musician get his own back was in a big Paris café where a Premier Prix de Conservatoire playing a solo suddenly put down his fiddle, stepped deliberately over to a table, and bopped a noisy Yahoo good and hard on the snoot. Order was thus restored, and if more artists let themselves go, there would be better manners about. Sir Thomas Beecham has proved this once or twice by giving the ill-bred a dressing-down. If restaurant keepers were less timid and knew more mob-psychology they 'd know that a salutary kick in the pants now and again would bring the mob rushing back, instead of alienating them. Mae West and, before her, the great Aristide Bruant, proved conclusively that the more you insult 'em the more they love it. Start something, somebody.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Don't just stand there — tell these damned pygmies to call off their children "

amateur theatricals
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you
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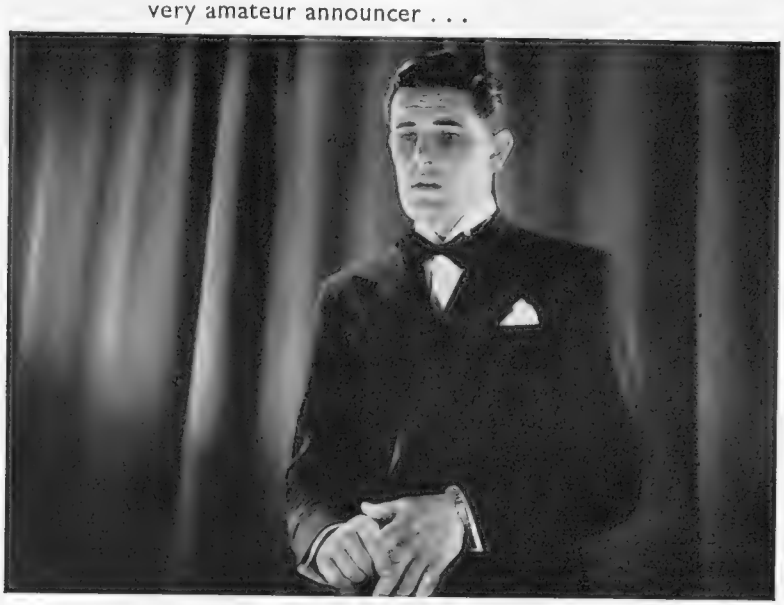
the
very amateur announcer . . .



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so essential
to
really
animated announcements
and
truly
witty witticisms ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 109

She Liked Intelligent People

By Christine Jope-Slade

Decoration by Eric Fraser

MRS. CALLENDAR came bustling in, pushing all the ideas she was bursting with in front of her like a pram.

She hardly sat down before she unpacked them for the company.

"You know, living in the country like I do, it is such a pleasure to meet *intelligent* people and learn a few things and get a few new ideas."

She turned vivaciously to the blue-eyed girl next to her and buttonholed her.

"I should adore to travel! *How* it broadens one! I *eat* travel books. I always say to my husband, 'How you can read those grisly murder stories when a library can get you a ticket for the world, I *don't* know.'"

She had read a book on India. She burned and oozed with it—temple bells rang all over her; the Taj Mahal had never reared itself so high as it did out of her mouth. I *tried* to tell her my guest was married to the Chief Commissioner of a Province in India. A meek little man, who was the surgeon at one of the chief hospitals in Bombay and had been brought by her victim, tried to tell her, too.

"I always say I could sit and listen for *hours* to people who have been places and seen things. Give me an eye-witness of anything anywhere, and leave me dumb in a corner with him with my ears laid back, and I shall be perfectly happy. I live to learn. I love to feed my mind. I say to my husband, 'Why be stuck in the mud? Why be an egotist wrapped up in your own point of view and your own experiences and findings?'"

Meeting her at my aunt's garden-party, I had genuinely thought her intellectually starved. I thought she had leanings and yearnings towards what she called "the bigger world." My hat!

The party revolved round her. She became the lecturer. It was all second-hand. She wasn't witty or original, or profound. She wasn't *anything*; but she took possession of the party and made it hers.

"Oh! This is an intellectual treat for a little country mouse!" she carolled. "Meeting all you wonderful people! Tell me things! Tell me things!"

And she told them things. Things they had read that morning and last year.

"I expect you've all been psycho-analysed," she said. "I mean it's *just* like being vaccinated these days, isn't it?"

We had not been psycho-analysed, and we did *not* think it was just like being vaccinated; but we gazed at her with pop-eyed fascination.

She said: "I've read a *wonderful* book. It has helped me to understand myself. It has taught me not to waste my energy; but to stay still within myself, and just absorb, and grow."

Heaven knows why she should have singled out Colin. She did. She fixed him with her beady eye and began to explain the theory of the book.

"I've read it," he said desperately.

"Once is not enough. Read it again."

We did try. Her eye was the eye of the Ancient Mariner! She completely bust up my party. Colin was my star guest. She had him beaten to the level of a little boy visiting with mother. Her enormous enjoyment of the party she was creating for herself crippled us and rendered us defenceless.

We were sensitive to other people's reactions; and Mrs. Callendar's reaction to herself was just one big, bright whoopee.

I had dangled Colin as an inducement to my guests.

Colin left quite early.

Mrs. Callendar was the last to go. I was exhausted; but she was as fresh as a daisy.

"I've adored your party," she said. "So nice of you to ask me! I get so few opportunities of listening to really clever talk. Such a treat! What a nice young man that was who was talking to me! A little quiet and sleepy; but very eager to learn."

"Colin, you mean?" I said.

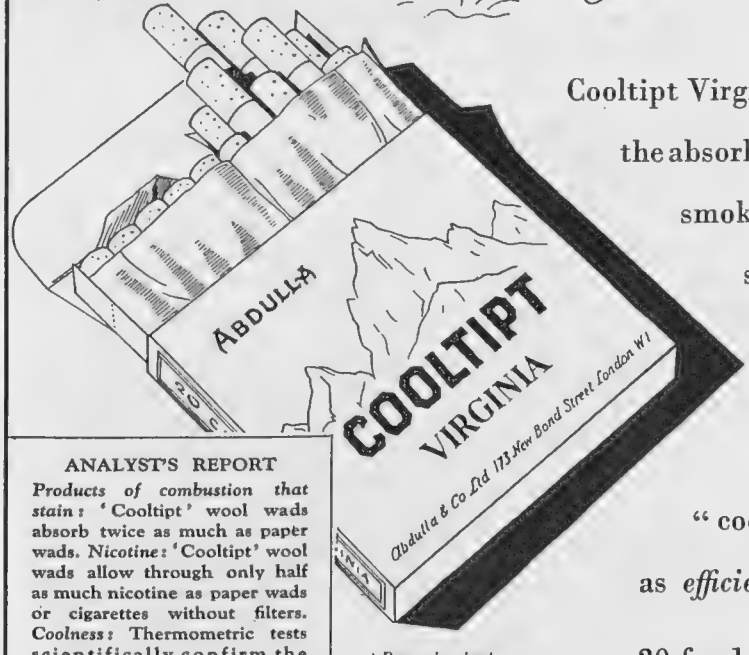
Her beady eyes ferreted.

"Perhaps *you'll* wake him up one day," she said. "Meanwhile, that book we were discussing ought to wake him up a bit. It's *most* stimulating. I'm sure he'll buy it and read it after our little talk."

"I don't think so," I said. "You see, *he wrote it.*"

THE END.

'Believe me sir,
It's the ⋆wool that cools'



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The Winners at Ranelagh

Mrs. Argles (Berkshire) and Mrs. W. H. A. Webster (Ashridge) were receiving their cups from Miss Wanda Morgan, English lady champion, after their win over Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Clemens in the Ranelagh final

The Winners at Roehampton

Mrs. Idina Mills (Berkshire), Welsh International, and the Countess of Brecknock (Nevill) won the Roehampton Foursomes by beating Mrs. H. C. Sturgess Wells and Miss A. C. Robinson by one hole

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes

Exciting Finals at Ranelagh and Roehampton

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

NEW names on the Ranelagh cups, new prize-winners at Roehampton, fine weather to the finish; all thoroughly satisfactory, and it is not necessary to pay much heed to those who say that the short handicaps can never win at Ranelagh. They can, and they have, and they will do again, but this year there was an exceptional amount of run on the ball, and nobody can really look on Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Argles as typical long handicaps. As Miss Metra Stubbs, of Lancashire, and Miss Rhona Newton King, of Westward Ho!, they have known golf all their lives, and though they totalled up to seventeen, neither of them was in the least likely to lose her head or be downhearted. They indeed started the week by losing a whole packet of holes to Mrs. Lamplough and Miss Paine, and there were moments near the end of the final when it looked as if Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Mrs. Lionel Clemens had them beat. But they really played the right stuff, visited a minimum of ponds and suchlike, and putted more than passing well, besides hitting the ball quite as far as was needful.

AS for Roehampton, the Countess of Brecknock and Mrs. Idina Mills were equally suitable to win there, the first with her grand power of rising to the big occasion, the second with all the experience that a Welsh international gets, and enormous length into the bargain. Driving right home at the twelfth was a commonplace with her. Mrs. Sturgess Wells and her sister, Miss A. C. Robinson, were another example of experience telling, even if a trifle rusty; it was touch and go who would win that final, just as it was at Ranelagh.

NOW to be more particular, taking up the story at Ranelagh on the morning of the third day, with sixteen couples still remaining. Surprises began early. First of all, there was Miss Shelagh Gibbs in a new outfit of trousers and jacket: somebody who had been re-reading Tennyson after trips from St. Enodoc to Tintagel and Dozie Mary murmured something about "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." Before the round was over she and Lady Katharine Cairns were fighting for dear life with Miss Pywell and Mrs. Deacon. Mrs. Deacon had seen plenty of golf in Kent, before going to North Wilts, but Miss Pywell is a young golfer who has only played the game out East. She gets length with very little effort, hits the putts smoothly, and should be a great asset to Wiltshire. Their win was not without adventure. Miss Gibbs, white coat off to the business, left the thirteenth 2 down to them. The pond at the fourteenth, though, claimed Mrs. Deacon. One up only. Bunkered at the fifteenth, all square looked imminent, but Mrs. Deacon got out well, Miss Pywell ran down the four-yard putt, and instead of square they were two up again. At the sixteenth, Lady Katharine's tee-shot hit the pin; the pond came into the picture for both the opposition, and they were only one up again. But a couple of halves was all that they

(Concluded on page xii)

The Roehampton Final and Semi-final

Lady Brecknock was playing out of a bunker before the third green in the final; she and her partner won the first three holes

Mrs. N. Watson (Roehampton) and her partner, Mrs. Richardson, lost their semi-final to the ultimate winners

The Last Four Couples at Ranelagh

Mrs. Argles and Mrs. Webster, the winners, are in the centre; each side of them are the runners-up, Mrs. L. A. Clemens and Mrs. S. V. Hicks (Roehampton); behind are the semi-finalists, Miss M. Pywell and Mrs. J. L. Deacon (N. Wilts), who lost to the Argles-Webster pair, and Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. D. O. Taylor (Croham Hurst), beaten by the semi-finalists

Prize-Winners at Roehampton

In the centre, the winners, Lady Brecknock and Mrs. Mills and their pictures; each side, the runners-up, Miss A. C. Robinson (R. Mid-Surrey) and Mrs. Sturgess Wells (Lady Golfers' Club); behind, Mrs. T. D. Richardson (Roehampton), who played with Mrs. Watson, and Mrs. H. Read (Worplesdon) and Mrs. Neilson (West Hill), who lost to the runners-up

RANELAGH SNAPSHOTS

A Critical Approach

Mrs. Webster's last shot in the final was an approach off a road to the eighteenth green; she played it so skilfully that her partner, with a fine putt, could lay the third shot dead and make the match safe

Mrs. J. D. Crosthwaite (right) and her partner beat Mrs. Gilligan (centre) and her partner in the first round and Miss Fishwick (left) and her partner in the second

Miss Walker (centre) is with Mrs. A. C. Wolfson and Miss B. M. Fellowes, who were knocked out in an early round at Ranelagh

Below: Miss M. Clarke and Mrs. Leigh Williams were studying the line of a putt. In spite of their care, they lost by 5 and 4 in the second round

Below: Miss E. Jones and Mrs. Eddis (Aldeburgh) got into the last eight couples, then lost to the runners-up, Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Clemens, by one hole

Miss S. Gibbs (R. Porthcawl) and Lady Katharine Cairns (Burnham and Berrow) are with their first-round victims, Mrs. McNair and Mrs. de Moss. They themselves were much fancied until they lost a close fourth-round match to the Pywell-Deacon runners-up

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Foursomes

THE foursome tournaments which have lately taken place, namely, the London Foursomes, the BYSTANDER Ladies' Autumn Foursomes, and the Worplesdon Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes, always, year after year, attract very large entries and are thoroughly enjoyed by all the players who take part in them, and yet we find at the majority of golf clubs that a foursome is hardly ever played.

We are always hearing people say, "I don't want to play a foursome, I want to hit my own ball." That a player wants to hit his own ball always appears to me rather a silly excuse for not taking part in a foursome; if he has not been playing for some time and wants to hit his own ball he can always do so to his heart's content by going to the practice ground or to a deserted fairway. If, after hitting as many balls as he feels inclined to, he then plays a foursome, I feel sure that he will have a more pleasant and more interesting game of golf, more fun and a quicker round than if he plays a four-ball match.

YOU will find that many players who object strongly to playing foursomes, have practically never played one, just in the same way that you find that many of those who condemn a lighter and bigger ball have never hit a shot with one. It is at the present time the fashion to play nothing but four-ball matches, and consequently foursomes are seldom played except at a very few clubs; we see a few played at St. Andrews, while at Woking and Royal Worlington the majority of the members play nothing but foursomes.

I know of one or two golfers who detest four-ball matches, and if you insist on their playing one you will find that you will not have a very enjoyable game as they cannot hide how bored they are, and take little interest in it, and I do not blame them as I myself find it extremely difficult to raise much enthusiasm for the four-ball match as played in this country.

THERE is no question that a four-ball match is a very exhausting and very tedious affair. On the teeing grounds nearly always some of the players delay play by not having their balls or tees ready and by having to search continually for them in their pockets. I also find the rigmarole on the greens extremely boring, the marking of the balls, the subsequent loss of the mark, the you-go-for-the-six-partner-and-give-me-a-free-putt-for-a-five, etcetera. All this palaver annoys me, and I am sure that it annoys and bores many other players.

When you have given your partner what he pleases to call a free putt, he is usually so afraid of being short that he bats the ball about two yards past the hole with a stroke that, if straight, would have had no possible chance of finishing in the hole, In the majority of cases the man who has an unfree putt is more likely to hole out.

In a four-ball match when at a one-shot hole your partner plays first and puts his ball within two yards of the hole, what possible interest is there in your shot? You, unless you are very rich or very stupid, are not going to try and hole out in one, so you, all too often, play some trick or fancy shot, when your best plan would be to pick up your ball and proceed to the next hole.

THROUGH the green you often see players in a four-ball match, when their partners are safe, go for ridiculous carries or try to bring off shots as nearly impossible as any shot can be, which is not likely to be of any assistance to them on future occasions. There is no doubt that the four-ball match, as played in this country, is very bad for a player's game, and I believe is one of the reasons for our continual defeats in Walker Cup matches.

You may argue that the Americans play practically nothing but four-ball matches and yet produce numerous very good performers at the game. You must remember that in America they play a different type of four-ball match, in which the players usually keep their medal scores and play all against all as well as two against two. These types of four-ball matches find little favour in this country, especially with the players immediately behind them, and many clubs make rules to prohibit them, which, I regret, are not always strictly enforced.

IN the United States a few years ago I played in a match of this type, when we took over five hours to complete the course; fortunately, or unfortunately, all the other players were taking part in similar matches and great delay was caused by players returning to the tees, after losing balls, to play others.

The temperament of the average American golfer is very different from the British, and I am convinced more suited to a game like golf. Americans are perfectly contented to spend five hours or more on one round of golf, but I am sure that most Britons would find this type of golf much too tedious and much too tiring.

If in the future when you are short of practice you spend a few minutes on the practice ground hitting or missing golf balls and then play a foursome, I shall be surprised if you do not enjoy your golf more than if you play a four-ball match, and also if what you, no doubt, are pleased to call your game does not improve.

Finalists in the Worplesdon Foursomes

Miss Kathleen Garnham and A. S. G. Thompson beat Mrs. J. B. Walker and J. M. Dykes in the semi-final. In the final they lost to Mrs. Heppel and L. G. Crawley by five and four

Mrs. H. M. Heppel and L. G. Crawley beat Mrs. J. D. Crosthwaite and G. W. Cranfield in the semi-final, and went on to win the event, which drew large crowds to Worplesdon

Second-Round Opponents

Mrs. Stedall and G. L. Adams (Aldeburgh) were second-round victims of Sir John Heathcoat-Amory and his wife; the latter pair went on to the fifth round, to lose to the finalists, Miss Garnham and Mr. Thompson, by one hole. Lady Heathcoat-Amory, the former Miss Joyce Wethered, won last year with Mr. T. Coke

This England . . .

Salisbury Plain, in the hollow, Longstock

WHEN we hear men that are wise in these matters speak of the rotation of crops, we may not know exactly what this is, but we realize that it is some kind of plan for keeping the land in good heart. (And with it goes another four-year cycle—crop, stock, manure, soil—that we, too, may be kept in good heart.) Slow, but no true maturity was ever attained without a "fullness of time." So when men, in the making of things, do borrow (as their fathers taught) some of nature's own unhurried ways, the outcome is an enrichment of us all. An everyday example? . . the ancient craft of the brew-house and its mellow heir, your Worthington.

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Coventry Beat London Welsh by Nineteen to Six

C. S. Harris, a Coventry forward, scored one of his side's five tries, two of which were converted to make up their final score of 19 against the London Welsh's 6 (two penalties). The match was at Coundon Road, Coventry

Middlesex Beat Berkshire, 15—6

This shows Adams, the Berkshire right wing, ducking to avoid a scrag tackle by P. J. Rossington, of Middlesex. Berkshire's was a good show to take a try and penalty goal from the powerful side Middlesex sent to Windsor

Howard Marshall on Sport

PERHAPS it is unkind to ask whether you backed Dan Bulger in the Cambridgeshire. His performance was as disappointing as the victory of Artist's Prince was unexpected. It was a queer race, with shocking light and hard going to confuse the issue.

Mind you, those who were associated with Artist's Prince never doubted his chance. Moreover, not since 1884 has a horse carrying 9 st. 1 lb., which was Dan Bulger's weight, succeeded in winning the race. The astute, therefore, were not altogether surprised, but to the uninitiated racing remains a rum game.

I do not envy the racing journalists who have to nail their colours to the mast, so to speak, in the daily papers. Prognostication has never been an easy trade, from Biblical times onwards, and where horses are concerned, as Damon Runyon would say, I wish to have no part in it.

I HESITATE often enough over a big fight, where prophecy should be easier. Only two men in the ring, with their technique and records well known to all and sundry, and yet how many startling upsets there have been in boxing history!

Who could have guessed that Jim Braddock would ever become heavy-weight champion of the world? Or that Joe Louis would be smashed to bits by Max Schmeling? I doubt myself whether Louis will be champion much longer. His heart is not in the game. He has made, and kept, enough money. He would like to skip out of it, and lead the quiet life.

If this is true—and it is not mere speculation—it opens up the heavy-weight situation considerably. Schmeling is still around, dark and dangerous, but there are younger men on his heels. One of the most promising of them, in my view, is Maurice Strickland, of New Zealand.

I have just been watching Strickland working-out at Wembley, in preparation for his fight with Walter Neusel. When you read this you will probably know the result. Great are the pitfalls of weekly journalism, but I shall be surprised if Strickland is not the winner.

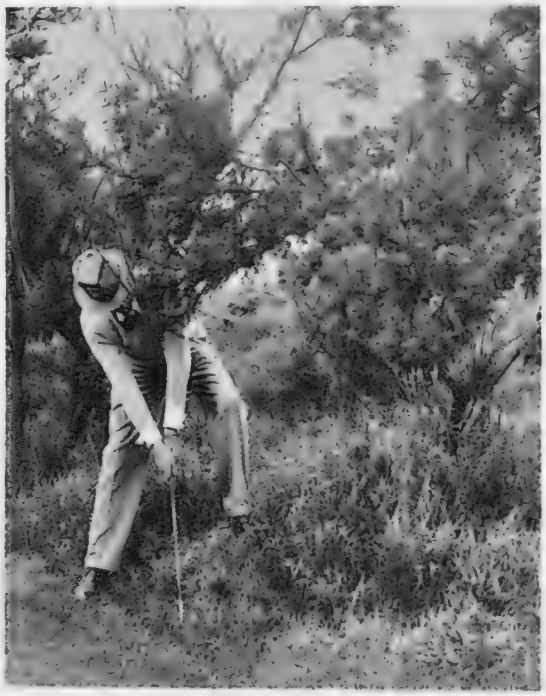
If he has beaten Neusel, he will be in line for a crack at the world title. A fight with Tommy Farr in this country would not be out of the question. The position, in short, is full of possibilities.

STRICKLAND is an interesting young man—twenty-three years old, to be exact—and if he does not hit the headlines as often as others of his kind, it is because he goes about his business quietly, with steady concentration. There is thought behind his boxing, and power behind the short punches which he snaps home so swiftly.

(Concluded on page x)

Miss Barton in Trouble

Pam Barton, making her first appearance since her appendicitis, played with her last year's partner, Francis Francis, in the Worplesdon Foursomes. Here he is watching her negotiate a difficult spot; later they were knocked out by Mrs. Heppel and L. G. Crawley



Mr. Stokoe in Trouble

G. C. Stokoe, who played with Miss B. Lampson, is also in a nasty position with a Worplesdon gorse bush in his face—it's his home course, too. They were beaten by Mrs. Rhodes and A. Kyle in the second round

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D. V. D. Moss (assistant secretary)

Capt. A. F. Allport (secretary)

G. F. Home

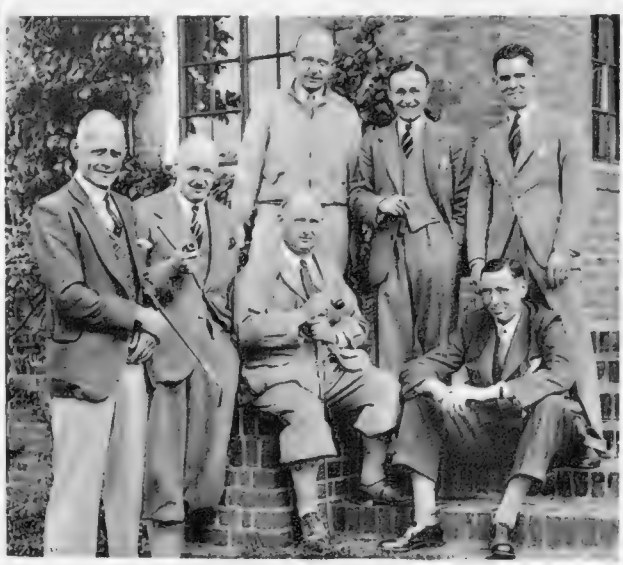
W. J. Emerson

J. Van Gelder

H. D. Greenlees (captain)

W. Cole, W. H. McCormick, E. McInnes (professional) and Harry Wilmot

Major B. B. Wills (vice-captain) and Ken Allan



Above: E. T. Chignell

Left: N.B. Noble, J. H. Henderson, J. Dawson, H. R. Dunlop, W. E. D. Bell, C. E. Hetherington, D. M. Galbraith

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

This Time Business: By Alan Thomas

THE appearance of Miss Pamela Frankau's *Some New Planet* (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*) will give the literary star-gazers something to talk about. It registers an advance on anything she has written before. In describing it, one might snaffle the title of Mr. Dunne's famous book and say that it is an Experiment in Time. Hugh Sell, the central figure, is quarter saint and—to the people he mixes with, though fortunately not to the reader—three-quarters bore. We meet him first at Grenoble, waiting for his diplomat brother Bertrand to come from Geneva. And as he waits, his mind travels back—or, in Miss Frankau's more imaginative language, he smashes the glass of Time. For Time, you see (shades of Mr. Priestley), "if it could be said to exist, stood as a screen of clear glass, through which the lost men and women moved brightly, eternally in view." And so Hugh smashes the glass and starts on a voyage of self-discovery, in search of his own character. He gropes about the past—his days at Oxford, his settlement work, his desultory correspondence with the novelist Mark Orburn, his romance with Harriet—whom (rather incredibly) he started by wanting to "help" and ended by loving—and through it all his hatred of Bertrand. But, search as he will, he can find out no more about himself than he knew when he began. Then he falls ill, and as a result of his illness starts actually living in the past, seeing and knowing the characters of the people he has moved amongst more clearly than before.

And out of his vision comes to him the realisation that, however much we seek each other's company, however much we try to become part of the community, we are nevertheless, each one of us—alone. In the maze of the time-scheme, the casual reader may sometimes lose the way. And the theme itself is not easy. But in the handling of it, Miss Frankau gives proof of—may I say?—unsuspected powers as an imaginative writer. Her novel, as an exploration in human personality, is at once exciting and absorbing.

MR. NEGLEY FARSON, well-known American journalist and author of *The Way of the Transgressor*, has spent six months exploring some of the States of Central and South America. During that time he visited many strange places and met many strange people. He crossed the Andes in company with a button-eyed fellow-journalist named Jesu Christi; he visited the great Colombian poet William Valencia; he interviewed Federico Paez, Dictator of Ecuador; he was offered a fine selection of symmetrically shrunk human heads to take home with him; he talked with General Oscar R. Benavides, the "strong man" of Peru; and he had the unique experience of meeting two South American Presidents, both of whom had exiled each other. The conclusions he comes to about it all in his book *Transgressor in the Tropics* (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is that South America is a sad, sad continent, especially for the Americans and British. Everywhere they go, except in Chile and the Argentine, they have the feeling "of living a life in which they are always on the outside. Result of the Church and the customs of Old Spain." Negley Farson is a born writer and raconteur: he is also a very vital person, and it is impossible as one reads not to be carried along with him in his adventures, not to experience something of his zest, his insatiable thirst for knowledge—and his loneliness. For the vast majority of English readers, *Transgressor in the Tropics* will be like the opening up of a new continent. It is Farson at his best.

MR. JERRARD TICKELL'S *Silk Purse* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is stuffed full of entertainment value. It is a bright and breezy romance (with here and there a touch of quiet satire) of the rise to fortune of a guttersnipe who was born—and here I quote Mr. Tickell's delightfully auspicious opening sentence—"nine months and one day after Messrs. Murgatroyd and Co., Limited (Hartlepool Jams, Marmalade and Jellies), annual Staff Outing." From the day he was able to sit up and take notice, Jacky never allowed the obscurity of his origin to cast any sort of shadow across the path of his future, which, so far as he could manage it, was going to lead on and on and on and up and up and up. By a combination of will power, personality and luck, he converted himself from a homeless, penniless gamin into a highly successful and respected business man, with the right to put the letters B.A. (Oxon.) after his name and a wedding ring on the finger of a peer's daughter. (Actually we leave her supplying a Woolworth ring herself honoris causa, so to speak: but there can be no doubt whatever that gentleman Jacky got her a real one later on.) Mr. Tickell's style has as much sparkle and verve about it as his hero's character. And if Jacky does have a little more than his fair share of good fortune, no one will grudge him his success. *Silk Purse* should be very popular.

ALL ship lovers will like to know of a finely produced volume entitled *The Tall Ships Pass*, by W. L. A. Derby (Jonathan Cape; 25*s.*). It was the sight of the peerless windship Herzogin Cecile that first started Mr. Derby on his research of the last of the old tall ships. The first part of his book traces fifty years of sail development, from wooden clipper to steel freighter, from full-rigger to barque; describes the Australian grain trade under sail, the Erickson Fleet (the only fleet of big windjammers in existence to-day), and the present-day life of the sailors of the sail. The description and history of the four-masted steel barque Herzogin Cecile (unhappily wrecked off the South Devon coast last summer) occupies the second part. The book is splendidly illustrated with ninety-six photographs. As Mr. Basil Lubbock says in his introduction, "this valuable addition to the bibliography of sail will, I am sure, give great pleasure to many an old shell-back."

THE latest jeu d'esprit is the autobiography of a dog. The animal in question is part sheep-dog, part collie—and a film-star. His book, in the preparation and writing of which he has had the assistance of Mr. Claude Burbidge, is entitled "*Scruffy*," *the Adventures of a Mongrel in Movieland* (Hurst and Blackett; 5*s.*). Scruffy was of humble extraction; but by the exercise of tact, sagacity and a natural charm of character, he appears to have barked his way to fame. His work has brought him in contact with the Korda brothers, Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon and a host of film-stars—which is better than baying the moon. Or so Scruffy seems to think.

Marguerite Steen

The author of "Matador" and "Stallion" has just published a new novel (Collins) called "Who Would Have Daughters?"

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

The wonderful display of fireworks at the Paris Exhibition has proved a source of inspiration to many designers. This is particularly noticeable at night, when nearly every dress glitters either with sequins or diamanté embroidery. A beautiful study in sequins and silver is seen on the right from the model gown salons at Jay's, Regent Street. The full skirt in black net spangled with paillettes ties round the waist with velvet ribbons and swings freely from the hips, accentuating the slender lines of the silver slip. A short net bolero, with puff sleeves spangled like the skirt, fastens with a bow at the back of the neck and completes the frock. Silver lamé, sunray pleated, makes another beautiful dress, entirely backless, with a high Empire waist and diamanté halter round the neck

Treasures for the Trousseau

Lovely lingerie plays a very important part in a bride's trousseau, and affords a delightful sense of luxury to the wearer. This year many of the new nightgowns are made of chiffon, both plain and shaded, in bright gladioli colourings, as well as all pastel tints. Pale peach satin makes the nightdress worn by the model above. It is cut on the cross, and trimmed with fine ecru lace, while a narrow frill of net appears round the armholes and hemline. The cost is thirty shillings, and it comes from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly

Few people feel their best first thing in the morning, but it would be difficult not to look charming in the breakfast-gown on the right from Swan and Edgar. It is made in velvet with a Peter Pan collar, and costs forty-five shillings in various colours. The sleeves are puffed, and the skirt, which buttons down the front, flares gradually towards the hemline. Kneeling on the bed is a model wearing satin cami-knickers trimmed with ecru lace and edged with net. They cost twenty-one and ninepence, and are available in several colours, including ivory and peach

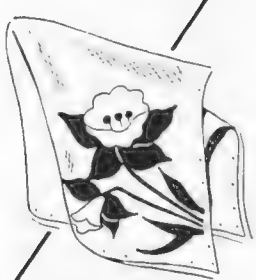
Scott Bushe

the bystander twins in search of novelties

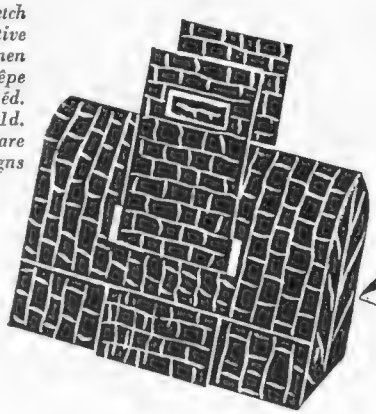
discovered by peta
pictured by jane

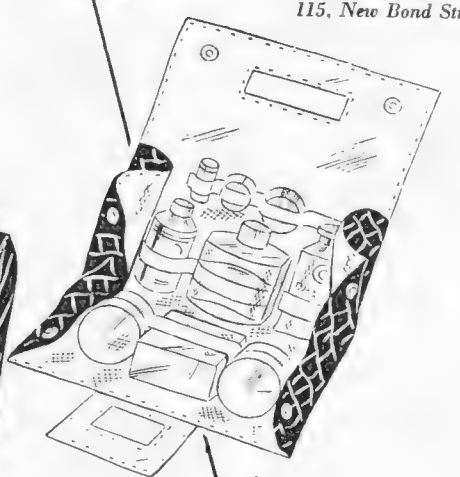
A Round Tower of Beauty containing a three-step treatment has been erected by Helena Rubinstein, 24, Grafton St., at a cost of 9s. 6d. It is sketched below together with the contents, which include Cleansing and Massage cream, Perfection cream for nourishing, a jar of Town and Country foundation cream, and samples of powder and beauty grains

The pigmy fountain pen on the left in black vulcanite is designed in the shape of a wine bottle and may be carried in the smallest handbag. It contains a gold nib and only costs three shillings and sixpence at Mudie's, 115, New Bond Street

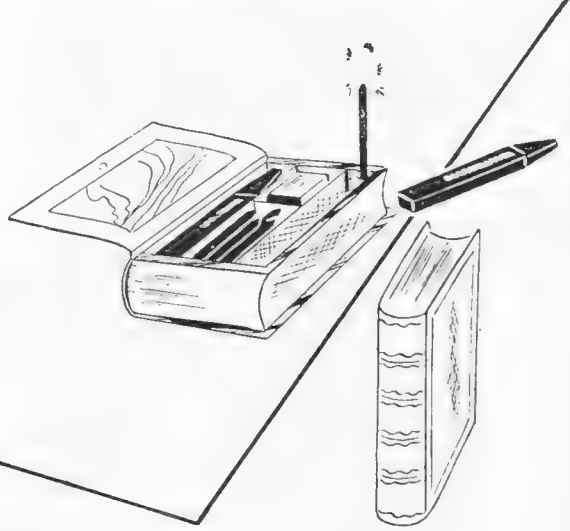


A charming idea when giving handkerchiefs is to have the recipient's favourite flower inscribed on the corner. The sketch on the left shows how effective this can be on white Irish linen with a brightly coloured crêpe de Chine motif hand appliquéd. These handkerchiefs cost 2s. 11d. each at Coulson's, who are showing all sorts of floral designs

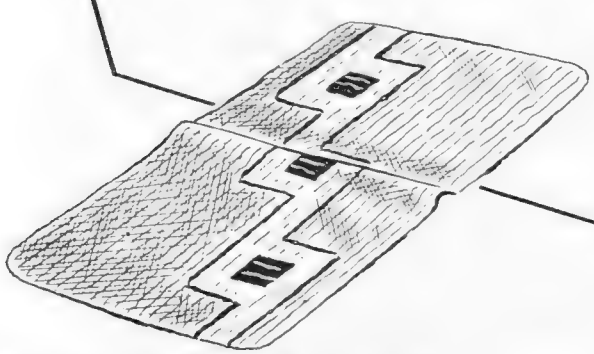




A chiffon handkerchief trailing from the wrist is a way of introducing colour to an evening dress, and Coulson, 105, New Bond Street, are showing them in all the smartest shades with decorative initials appliquéd in satin on one corner. They have hand-rolled edges, and cost 5s. 9d.



Two views are given of the new Beautility bag designed by Helena Rubinstein. It is carried like an ordinary handbag, and contains a complete salon treatment and make-up, sufficient for a week-end visit. The preparations vary according to whether the skin is dry, normal or oily, and it only costs a guinea



Candlewick bath mats are in the news just now, and appeal tremendously to every woman with a modern home. They are beautifully soft with a close pile which absorbs all moisture, and are obtainable from Coulson's in various artistic colours for 10s. 6d.

This leather-bound volume will deceive many readers, as it contains a complete set of sealing wax materials, including matches and an assortment of coloured candles. It is very useful when travelling and costs 17s. 6d. at Mudie's

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE first season's racing on the Crystal Palace Circuit finished up with a record attendance and about as crazy a race as ever I have seen. To begin with, we were treated to the somewhat bizarre spectacle of the scratch man baulking the limit man when the latter was about to lap him. As if this was not enough, the race was really won by the car which finished second, although it was virtually a scratch race, and the so-called "winner" crossed the line ahead of him! No — I don't suppose you can follow that, so let me explain.

You see, the programme consisted of what were described as two heats and a final of the Imperial Trophy Race, and—contrary to all precedent—starting positions for the final were determined not by speeds attained in the previous heats, but by speeds attained in practice.

As a result of this topsy-turvy arrangement, Arthur Dobson and Percy Maclure, who had broken the lap record on lap after lap in the first heat, found themselves stuck right away at the rear of the field at the start of the final, while the "foreign menace" in the guise of Trossi, Lurani, and Villoresi (who, by the way, had retired in *his* heat) shared the front position with Charles Martin, with "Bira" just behind.

This injustice was rendered all the more iniquitous by the fact that, instead of the first five cars from each of the previous heats starting for the final—as provided by the regulations—the organisers changed their minds on the day, and put every car they could muster into the final, twenty in all, *including even one man who had been flagged off in a previous heat.*

THUS, Dobson started about twenty-five yards behind "Bira," with the entire field to get through. After driving with almost superhuman brilliance, Dobson joined issue with "Bira" in the closing stages, and they fought it out right round the Stadium curve and up to the finishing line, "Bira" flashing across a bare half-length, or three-tenths of a second, ahead of Dobson.

From this it must be obvious that had Dobson's starting-position been decided in accordance with common practice, that is, based on times recorded in the preliminary heats, he and not "Bira" would have been adjudged the winner.

You must not think from this that I am of a mind to depreciate "Bira's" win. Nothing of the kind. He drove with his usual skill and assurance. He, Dobson and Martin made the Italians look positively amateurish. The speed and acceleration of their E.R.A.s were far more than a match for the Maseratis, notwithstanding the fact that the car Trossi was driving was none other than Fourmanik's record-breaker, the fastest Maserati that has ever been made.

Dick Seaman's handling of his Grand Prix Mercédès-Benz on its demonstration run was a positive joy to watch. His exit from the Stadium curve, forging his way through a slide by sheer power, on each lap, was a sight for sore eyes; while the full-throated roar with which he shot away up the straight was a glorious anthem! But the cramped course beat him when it came to cracking the record, although he was less than a second outside the requisite time.

International Trio at the Crystal Palace

Dick Seaman, a member of the Mercédès-Benz team, B. Bira, the winner, and Count Trossi, of Italy, who drove a Maserati, were photographed before the Imperial Trophy meeting

The Imperial Trophy Race

Three of the finalists in the Imperial Trophy race taking a corner on the twisty Crystal Palace circuit. B. Bira won the race in his E.R.A. with an average of 57·8 m.p.h.; A. Dobson was second, and C. L. Goodacre third

ON Thursday, October 7th, the 4½-litre Lagonda "Rapide" entered for the purpose by Arthur W. Fox, was taken down to Brooklands, where, under official R.A.C. observation, it covered 104·44 miles from a standing start in one hour.

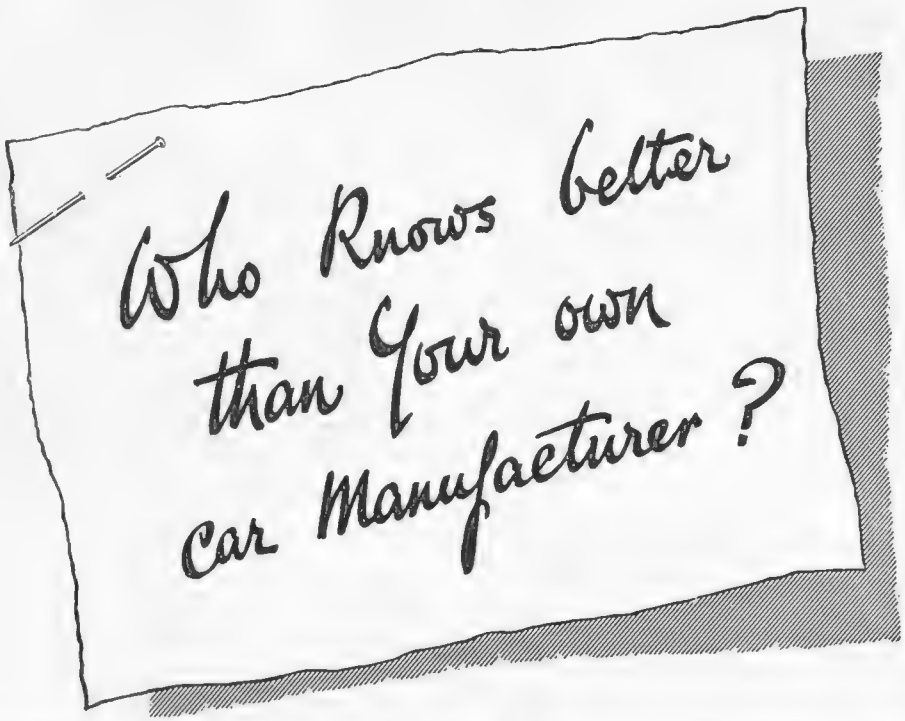
Thus the Lagonda "Rapide" may now claim not only to be the first British sports car with full equipment to have exceeded 100 miles in an hour, but the first sports car in the world to have done so, carrying a passenger in addition to the driver, for when the successful run was made, the mechanic's seat was occupied by Mr. J. Heitner, Editor of *The Sphere*.

A remarkable feature of the run was the extreme consistency with which the car ran, for, apart from its standing lap of 1 minute 51 2-5th seconds (89·41 m.p.h.) none of the other thirty-seven laps covered varied from its fellows by more than literally a fraction of a second. This performance is all the more extraordinary in view of the fact that the track was wet and visibility was poor.

The driver and passenger between them weighed 28 stone, and a heavy Brooklands silencer, as well as wings, lamps, screens, hood and number-plates were carried, in addition to which the compression ratio was such that ordinary Cleveland Discol, drawn at random from a wayside pump on the way down to Brooklands, was used. Lagonda Motors are to be congratulated on their double victory, which must rank as a milestone in motoring history.

IF the new 16·9-h.p. six-cylinder Railton gives its owners anything like the delight which its eight-cylinder prototype has always done, the Railton people are in for a record year, for at £399, which is the price of the new Railton, it is bound to become a "best-seller."

The side-valve engine is of 2723 c.c., with an annual tax of £12 15s., and at 3800 r.p.m. it gives 76 b.h.p. English bodywork and Lockheed brakes are standard. The saloon will sell at £399, while a drophead coupé model is listed at £458.



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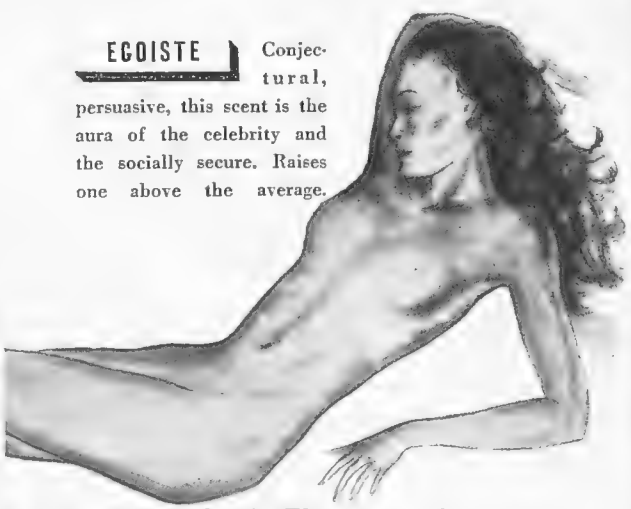
*

TORNADE A jungle redolence imprisoned in an extract from the glands of sable. To be used with caution... unless you are unafraid.

*

LATITUDE 50 The freshness of a glacier in the sun, yet giving a sensuous, sophisticated accent to an adventurous mood.

EGOISTE Conjectural, persuasive, this scent is the aura of the celebrity and the socially secure. Raises one above the average.



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America's air-speed queen, Miss Jacqueline Cochrane, who flew at 293 miles an hour to win the trophy presented by Gar Wood. The record was made at Detroit with a Seversky

Faster Air Travel

By Charles Ward

Liners from Hatfield

The first of the Albatross class, de Havilland's latest type, designed for Transatlantic mails, is nearly ready for Martlesham, where the R.A.F. test pilots will put it through its paces. It has been flying at Hatfield for some months, and performance has exceeded the maker's figures—200 miles an hour cruising, with a load of 1000 lb. of crew and mails. Range should approach 4000 miles when flying in that mysterious medium known to scientists as "still air." The first Albatross will be loaned to Imperial Airways by the Air Ministry, and the second to British Airways, the company that is to develop our line to South America. Four more Albatrosses—awkward word, that—are on the stocks, each with seating accommodation for twenty. The Air Council has remained faithful to a de Havilland liner for its new staff aircraft. A de H.86, also known as the Express, is to replace the Rapide, which has seen much service during the past three years. The Express can carry one ton, operating at 140 miles an hour and using 800 horse-power. Imperials have twelve of this type flying on the European routes, on the feeder line from Khartoum across the Southern Sahara, and on the service between Penang and Hong-Kong. Great sympathy is felt for the family of Robert Waight, and for the de Havilland Company, by his death in an accident at the beginning of the month. Having worked his way from apprentice to chief test pilot in nine years, it was sad news to hear that he had been killed whilst carrying out a trial for a world's speed record. Risks are inseparable from any form of speeding, but there is a vast difference between the calculated risk which is justified by a result that advances our knowledge and makes flying safer for thousands of other people, and an unnecessary one indulged in merely to gratify the vanity of an individual. The history of aviation contains the names of hundreds who have crashed so that the new pilot or the next passenger may travel in greater safety.

Notes from the Airways

Last week I referred to the carriage of goods by Air France to South America. The rate to Chile, for instance, is 275 francs a kilo, with the exception of bonds, precious metals, and jewellery, for which the charge is one hundred per cent. more. Passenger fares by Imperials to Egypt, the Far East and Africa, are very cheap by comparison with the steamer services. There are five 'planes a week to Egypt and three to Central Africa. Single fare to Cairo is £42, and to Kisumu £105. Two days to Egypt and four to Kenya mean that a large sum is saved on incidentals when travelling by air. There are positively no extras at all, and the "Empire" class flying-boat is easily the most comfortable liner on any service in the world.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

EGYPT

'Thank heaven we came'

'Look at that moonlight on the Pyramids'

'Egypt's more beautiful than anything we ever imagined. And the winter climate's so wonderful'

'I'm mad to see Luxor. And the Nile and the desert, too . . . By the way, I had a p.c. from Home this morning'

'Any news?'

'No . . . just that it was very cold and raining'

Special points of interest . . .

* You should see the Aswan Dam, one of the greatest feats of engineering in the world.

* Visit the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor; it will be an unforgettable experience.

* When you want exercise, remember there are golf courses in Cairo and Alexandria, and tennis is played everywhere. You can also ride or play polo.

* To travel in Egypt is to travel comfortably and efficiently—whether by rail, boat, or air.

How to get to Egypt . . .

1. BY SEA . . . 10 to 12 days. Steamers to Port Said leave from several English ports. Fares to suit your purse.

2. BY AIR . . . From Croydon to Alexandria. 2 to 3 days.

3. OVERLAND PART OF THE WAY . . . Train-de-luxe to Marseilles, Genoa or Venice. Then by steamer to Alexandria. 4½ days.

4. OVERLAND ALL THE WAY . . . Simplon-Orient Express from London to Istambul. Through Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, to Cairo. 7½ days.

Full information from the Egypt Travel Bureau, 29 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, or from travel agencies.

TRAVEL BY THE MISR AND KHEDIVIAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINES

Charles E. Brown

A ten-ton bomber, the "Whitley," built by Armstrong-Whitworth, which flies at 200 miles an hour. The engines are Siddeley "Tigers," developing about 1000 horse-power each

Service for Pilots

THE task of sorting out the mass of information about air routes which is issued by the Air Ministry and those of other countries, is beyond the scope of the average pilot. He hasn't time to select those items which are of use to him, because there is so much to read. In this country alone, Notices to Airmen and to Ground Engineers appear almost every day. The man who owns a 'plane for private or business travel has other things to do, leaving little time available for reading and filing the rules, regulations and gratuitous advice which arrive by every post. But there are organisations which derive part of their revenue and a good deal of their prestige from the use of their products on air routes, and such a company as Shell-Mex has combined service with sales for the benefit of the pilot. The latest edition of their schedule from London to Cairo, via Athens or Algiers, contains a wealth of information on weather conditions, prohibited areas—very important in these days of promiscuous bombing and other blood sports—aerodrome charges and twilight times going East. A simple speed calculator, with a detailed description of the route accompanies the tabulated schedule—altogether, the book, priced at ten shillings, is amazingly cheap. Remembering the elaborate plans that had to be made for many pioneer flights over this route and its extensions, it is a proof of progress that anyone with a pilot's licence who buys such a book can set out on such a journey within a few days' notice.

At the Aerodrome

CIVIL pilots—or should I say civilian pilots, because all pilots are civil where no landing fees are charged, the aerodrome surface is perfect, and the club-house is free of restrictions—will be glad to know that Gatwick and Gravesend have been thrown open for general use. R.A.F. Reserve flying schools have been established at both centres, but this will not interfere with the cordial reception of anyone who cares to drop in. Both airports are fully equipped for night flying and each offers advantages to those living near-by. Talking of club facilities, Reading has taken on a new lease of life. Since Rolls-Royce came into the picture, the old club-house has been swamped by commercial activity. A new centre has been created on the opposite side of the aerodrome, with headquarters in the "Falcon." Entrance and exit face the landing-ground.

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THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 116)

Don McCorkindale, the old warrior, put the gloves on with Strickland, and so did young Dominic Lydon, with manager Ted Broadribb keeping an eye on him. Lydon is a likely lad, there is no doubt of that. He has much to learn, but he is willing, strong, excellently built, and when he hits, he hurts. Broadribb thinks he is a better prospect than Jack Doyle was. Well, we shall see, but Lydon has the real stuff in him, unless I am much mistaken.

There is something in a gymnasium workout which I find particularly fascinating. The dusty smell—sweat and embrocation. The helmeted fighters, trying all their tricks, while an anxious manager glances at his stop-watch. The tattoo of the skipping-rope and punchball. The old-timers hanging round, itching to be at it again themselves. And young Lydon, changing unnoticed in a corner, could not take his eyes off Strickland.

FROM fighting it may not seem an easy transition to fishing, but it is at least a peaceful one. On these mild October days I should dearly love to be down in Hampshire, trying my luck with the grayling, a fish despised by trout-stream purists, but esteemed most highly by more catholic-minded men. And should we not be grateful to brother grayling? He prolongs our fly-fishing until December, and very good sport he gives us. And, freshly taken and cooked, I would rather eat a grayling than a trout any day of the week.

Those who imagine that grayling are easy to catch make a sad mistake. The fish lie deep in the water, and come up with a sudden swirl, and often seem to miss the fly. A grayling is not so easily put down as a trout, it is true, and when hooked he is not so fiercely strong, but those who have known the slithering rush of a two-pounder in the streamy waters of the Hampshire Avon hold the grayling in proper respect.

FOR myself, being a broad-minded fisherman, I like taking the grayling fine and far off, fishing with a small bob-cherry float and a red worm. I think of it now with longing—a grey autumn morning, with mist rising from the water as the sun breaks through, the withies a golden brown, and a dinghy on the shallows, and myself there, with a light rod, fishing the glides and gravelly runs, waiting for the swift check of the float and the thump of a fighting fish. Here and there, under the willows, I may pick up a fat chub, and let no one, however Test-minded, disdain the winter chub as an opponent.

These are tantalising thoughts, however, and I can only console myself by the selfish reflection that South Country rivers are suffering sadly from lack of rain. They need a thorough flushing before fishing will be worth while, a fact which will comfort me as I make my way disconsolately to football matches and the haunts of boxers.

Back at Iffley Road

Of these three members of the Oxford University Athletic Club, the two behind are J. P. S. Daniell (centre) and Allan Pennington (right), the latter back from his triumphs on the American Continent. They are respectively secretary and captain for 1937-8

FOOTBALL grounds could do with rain also. I met a forward the other day whose feet were blistered through two pairs of socks and a layer of thick cardboard.

In the Rugby world all goes smoothly, save in the matter of injuries. Referees and players seem happier about the laws, and we are beginning to have ideas about relative form. Cliff Jones, the great little Welshman, is apparently sound again, and Cambridge have already shown signs of developing into one of the best sides of the year. Oxford, slower off the mark, are optimistic, with a couple of new South Africans up their sleeves, and some proper notions about scrummaging.

Altogether, the season promises well, though we long to see a really heavy ground, with the ball mud-caked, and the players properly begrimed, and a squelch instead of a rib-cracking thud as the body hits the turf.

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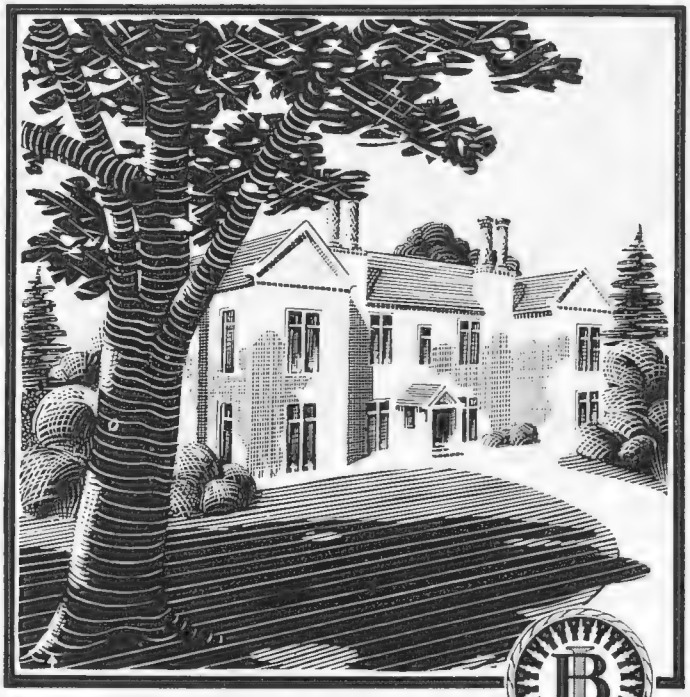

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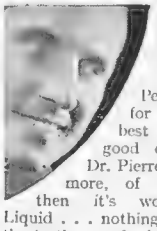

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Mrs. Black and Miss V. Black (R. Mid-Surrey) beat Mrs. Munroe and Mrs. Elliott Batt in an early round at Roehampton. In the fourth round they were knocked out by Lady Brecknock and Mrs. Mills

Mrs. MacTurner and Miss B. Hollingsworth (Woking) lost to the Black couple in the third round

Miss Pamela Schreiber and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Gurdon played together at Roehampton, but didn't survive the second round

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes *(Continued from page 112)*

needed, and with Lady Katharine's side failing to take a chance, it was all over.

Behind that came a level match, Mrs. John Beck and her sister-in-law getting the better by 4 and 3 of the two who putt as if playing croquet, Mrs. Rowand Harker and Miss Edge. But an insidious push was beginning to creep into Mrs. Beck's game; by the afternoon it had overwhelmed her, and Miss Pywell and Mrs. Deacon, giving one stroke, beat her side 3 and 1.

MRS. WEBSTER and Mrs. Argles, receiving 3, won by 2 and 1 from Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Crombie, and so qualified to play Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Rachel Neilson. These two had given promise of welding into the perfect pair: in the morning they had four strokes to give Mrs. King and Mrs. Manisty, and after a short putt was missed against them at the tenth, they went away quite irresistibly to win by 3 and 2. But in the afternoon, though Miss Neilson still played really good golf, long, accurate and unflustered, Miss Wilson was all astray until they were five down and five to go. Then the wounded tigress rose in all her might, put the tee-shot six feet from the fourteenth for a 2, and holed a putt thrice that length for another at the fifteenth. But there was a stroke there and though Mrs. Webster was bunkered, out chipped Mrs. Argles stone dead for a 3, a half, and the match 4 and 3.

Mrs. Meredith, who used to do such good work for Surrey II., as Miss Joan Lloyd, and Mrs. Taylor earned their place in the prizes with a 4 and 3 win, playing level, from Miss Macfarlane and Mrs. London, and a 2 and 1 win, giving one stroke, from Miss Heath and Mrs. Locker Lampson—the latter an emergency pairing which turned out so well that there is talk of its repetition next year.

Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Clemens, who have learnt all about each other's golf in many a club struggle at Roehampton, gave one stroke in the morning to Mrs. Cavendish Fuller and Mrs. de Paula and won 3 and 1; and two strokes after lunch to Mrs. Eddis and Miss Jones, who had earned morning fame by a 6 and 5 win from that fancied couple, Mrs. Crosthwaite and Miss Nancy Halsted. Perhaps the less said about how Mrs. Clemens came through the trees and over the road at the eighteenth the better, but she holed a highly missable putt there for the match, which was what mattered.

IN the semi-finals next day, Mrs. Deacon and Miss Pywell were but a shadow of their previous selves, and lost by 5 and 3 to Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Argles, to whom they had to give a stroke: Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Clemens, giving 2, got home by 2 and 1 from Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. Taylor.

It would do scant justice to two good pairs to describe the shots of the final in detail. Enough to say that at the beginning, Mrs. Webster's side went away with a run, were three up with three holes played; that Mrs. Hicks's then attacked and turned square. That was the position after a lost ball and a kingfisher at the fourteenth, and after Mrs. Clemens had, for once, failed to run down a long putt for a three at the seventeenth. At the eighteenth it looked like the proverbial horse to hen on Mrs. Clemens' win, but her little pitch overran the green, Mrs. Webster's came somehow through the trees, and Mrs. Argles' unshaken long putt stone dead settled that her side, not Mrs. Hicks's, should receive the cups and mementoes from Miss Wanda Morgan.

AT Roehampton, the eventual winners had thoroughly settled down to the business by the fourth round, and much need they had of it, for Mrs. Black and her daughter are held in wholesome respect there. Lady Brecknock played particularly well in this round: they took the five holes after the turn in two under fours, and so got home by 4 and 3, and qualified for a terrific semi-final against a Roehampton pair, Mrs. T. D. Richardson and Miss N. Watson. Two strokes had to be given, and Lady Brecknock turned 3 down. After that, they never lost another hole; won the tenth with one putt, whilst the opponents took three; won the fourteenth in another fine three, Mrs. Mills being right home with an iron; the seventeenth in another three, Mrs. Mills putting a mashie dead; and finished the match with a well-played hole, Mrs. Mills driving safely through the gap.

Mrs. Sturgess Wells and her sister, meanwhile, having given three strokes to Mrs. Ingram and Miss Murton Neale and won by 7 and 5, had to give 2 in the other semi-final to a Worplesdon pair, Mrs. Hugh Read and Mrs. Neilson, who had beaten Mrs. Barnes and Miss Bower level 2 and 1 in the morning. The semi-final turned on the many long putts holed by Mrs. Wells, by dint of which they won 3 and 2. She, well living up to her reputation and her nickname, showed real sporting spirit in playing at all, with a voyage to India hanging over her for the day after the final. Perhaps she was thinking of that when she pushed out of bounds at the seventh, but Mrs. Mills had no such excuse for losing the eighth. That seemed, though, to sting her to her best. She put a grand second home at the ninth, and Lady Brecknock ran down the putt for a win in three, and so turned 2 up. Then the sides took it in turn to be bunkered and to win holes; Mrs. Mills once more drove on to the twelfth green, and after halving the thirteenth in four was 3 up. Mrs. Wells' side was far from beaten, though. They it was who won the fourteenth, the sixteenth, and the seventeenth; and Mrs. Mills and Lady Brecknock only got home with a half at the last.

THE golf was perhaps the best the Roehampton final has seen so far. Each year it improves. Next year (if, as all the world hopes, Ranelagh still exists, and therefore the two tournaments), couples over 18 will not be reft from Roehampton to fill gaps at Ranelagh; but both lots of competitors will be left to enjoy themselves to the full in their respective spheres. Now we are at Worplesdon, hoping there will be no frost to cut the dahlias and that Lady Heathcoat-Amory can survive with her husband. At the moment of writing, both wishes have been granted.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competitions must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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OCTOBER

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of a Week of Weddings

Wheldon — Caillard

John Wheldon, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. David Wheldon, of Barn Croft, Berkhamsted, married Ursula Mabel Caillard at Christ Church, Victoria Road; she is the second daughter of Major Maurice Caillard, 7th Dragoon Guards (retd.), and the late Lady Gertrude Caillard, of 7, Albany Mansions, S.W.

Lieutenant Brian Craig, The Buffs, son of Major and Mrs. L. Craig, of Old Manor House, Kent, and Elizabeth Boxwell, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Boxwell, of Butlerstown Castle, Co. Wexford, were married at Kilcoran Parish Church, Wexford

Craig — Boxwell

Leigh-Pemberton — Hislop

John Leigh-Pemberton, R.O.I., the artist painter, and Geraldine Hislop, the actress, were married at the Chelsea Register Office. He is the son of Mr. Cyril Leigh-Pemberton, and lives at 17, Glebe Place, Chelsea; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hislop, of Brottkarr, Gottenburg 1, Sweden

Lenare

Gwynne-Evans — Tipping

Francis Loring Gwynne-Evans, younger son of Sir Evan and Lady Gwynne-Evans, of Oaklands Park, Newnham-on-Severn, and Elizabeth Fforde Tipping, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. J. Fforde Tipping, of Christchurch, New Zealand, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Woodroffe — Hoare

At Chelsea Old Church, Captain John Wallis Woodroffe, R.H.A., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Woodroffe, of Co. Cork, married Valerie Noel Hoare, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Noel Hoare, of 203, Knightsbridge

Agnew — Erskine

Sir Fulque Melville Gerald Noel Agnew, tenth Baronet of Lochnaw, Wigtownshire, son of the late Major Charles Hamlyn Agnew, married Swanzie Erskine at the Marylebone Register Office. She is the daughter of Captain E. N. Erskine, of South Africa

Jones — Marr

Cyril Ramsay Jones, elder son of the late Rev. H. B. Jones, of St. James's Vicarage, Edmonton, and Mrs. Jones, of Edinburgh, and Agnes Mary Marr, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Marr, of Edinburgh, were married at Marylebone Parish Church

Loder-Symonds — Allen

Robert Guy Loder-Symonds, only son of the late Captain R. F. Loder-Symonds and Mrs. C. J. Robertson, of Ottery Frinton, married Merlin Audrey Allen at Barham, near Canterbury; she is the third daughter of Major and Mrs. Stanley Allen, of Denne Hill, Canterbury

(Concluded on page D)

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Bowman-Vaughan — Turner

At H.M. Dockyard Church, Portsmouth, Capt. Alan Bowman-Vaughan, the Sikh Regiment, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowman-Vaughan, of Bingrams, Melcombe, Dorset, married Christine Margaret Turner, second daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Ross Turner, of H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth

Fuglesang — Martin

Fred Robsahm Fuglesang, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Fuglesang, of 50, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7, and Bridget Martin, youngest daughter of the late Sidney Martin and Mrs. Martin, of 18, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Fawcett — Pearson

George Percival Fawcett, Royal West Kent Regt., second son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Fawcett, of Hatton, Sevenoaks, and Sara Rosemary Pearson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, of Green Mount, Buxton, Derbyshire, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Loe — Smith

Harry Adrian Loe, R.A.S.C., second son of the late Ernest Loe and Mrs. Loe, of Alton, and Prudence Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith, of Neatham Grange, near Alton, Hants., were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Wallace — Stevens

At St. Cross, Winchester, Thomas Clouston Wallace, son of Sir David and Lady Wallace, of 6, Eton Terrace, Edinburgh, married Pauline Stevens, elder daughter of Commander and Mrs. P. R. B. Stevens, of 44, Christchurch Road, Winchester

Marsh — Johnson

Hugo Chisenhale-Marsh, only son of the late Captain and Mrs. Chisenhale-Marsh, of Gaynes Park, Epping, and Doris Mary Randall-Johnson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randall-Johnson, of 14, Warwick Square, S.W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Welsh — Saunders

Ronald Findlay Welsh, R.A., son of the late Capt. Tom Welsh and Mrs. E. Holtby, of Downthorpe Hall, Skirlaugh, married Una Isabella Saunders at St. George's, Hanover Square; she is the only daughter of the late Alfred Saunders and Mrs. Saunders, of Greville Mount, Sydney, Australia

Crump — Bradley

Neville Franklin Crump, 4th Hussars, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crump, of The Rectory, North Stoke, Oxon, and Sylvia Diana Bradley, elder daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Hermon Bradley, of Eyot Wood, Shiplake, Oxon, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Blair — Assheton-Smith

Walter Blair married Mrs. Assheton-Smith at the Caxton Hall Register Office. He is the son of Sir Reginald and Lady Blair, of Hermit's Wood, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.; his father has had a distinguished Parliamentary career, and since 1935 has sat for Hendon

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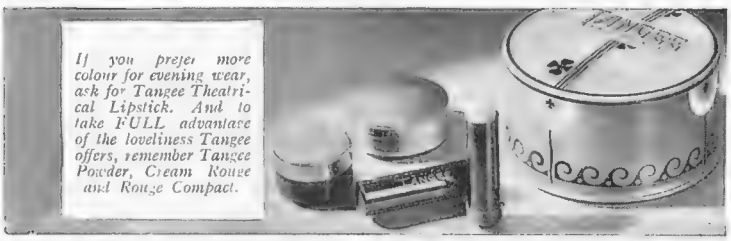

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 20 — October 26

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—Margaret Kennedy's new play shows Wyndham Goldie as a K.C., Flora Robson as his second wife, Victoria Hopper as his daughter by first marriage: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DEAD HAND.—Margaretta Scott and Godfrey Kenton in an unconvincing trial piece: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—The fine and gripping play about a Jesuit brotherhood has transferred complete to the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfred Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—Emlyn Williams, Marie Ney, Jean Cadell in Tyrone Guthrie's production of Shakespeare's sombre play about lust: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about Keith Winter's Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, Zena Dare and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson's newest riot has Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Debroy Somers' band, etc.: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—Cicely Courtneidge and Bobby Howes are together for the first time in Jack Hulbert's lavish production: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER.—A romantic musical about Frans Hals with Arthur Margetson and Irene Eisinger: Adelphi, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 97.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

TAKE IT EASY.—This musical has had a new start with a fresh version; Gene Gerrard and Barbara Blair: Palace, 6.20 and 9.

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Mirth and Mystery

BLONDIE WHITE.—Basil Sydney, Basil Radford and Joan Marion in a stimulatingly novel detective plot: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Crazy Days"

Leo Franklyn, Stanley Lupino and Mollie Fisher are the trio from the Lupino-Laddie Cliff success at the Shaftesbury

THE LAST STRAW.—Marius Goring in another gruesome thriller, baulked of revenge on Oxford hearties by Lucie Mannheim, who also produced the play: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat. 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—One of George Black's best yet, with a number of rhapsodic and well-handled scenes and the Crazy Gang on top of form: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues, Thurs., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

IT 'S IN THE BAG.—Described as a new type of musical, it is a version of W. W. Jacobs' *Beauty and the Barge*: Savoy, to-night, 20th.

PUNCH AND JUDY.—Val Gielgud's latest stars Carol Goodner, Frank Cellier, Aileen Marson: Vaudeville Fri., 22nd.

RHAPSODY ON ICE.—A skating ballet spectacle: Covent Garden, Tues., 26th.

YES AND NO.—Family comedy in a vicarage with Felix Aylmer, Mary Jerrold, Diana Churchill: Ambassadors Tues., 26th.

CINEMAS

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (American).—The film version of Kipling's book has Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, Melvyn Douglas and Freddie Bartholomew: Marble Arch Pavilion.

CONFESSION (American).—Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone in the Hollywood version of *Mazurka*: New Gallery.

EXCLUSIVE (American).—War between the good and bad newspapers of a town, and their personnel, is the theme; Fred MacMurray, Frances Farmer: Plaza.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR (British).—Marlene Dietrich as an escapist Russian countess, Robert Donat as her Scarlet Pimpernel; good authenticity: London Pavilion.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—Feyder's historic gem with Françoise Rosay, is at the Berkeley.

LOVE UNDER FIRE (American).—Loretta Young and Don Ameche in this: Regal.

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN (French).—Sacha Guitry has launched into history in a big way with an Anglo-English cast including Jacqueline Delubac, Yvette Pienne, Lyn Harding; Curzon.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

SOULS AT SEA (American).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in the amazing tale of the seaman who assumed God's functions in mid-Atlantic: Carlton.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a technicolour tragedy, excellently acted revealing the inside of the film world: Tivoli.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Wallbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE (American).—Shirley Temple as Kipling's little girl among hardened soldiers—Aubrey Smith and Victor McLaglen—on the North-West Frontier: Gaumont.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING (American).—But you can have a big cast including Alice Faye, the Ritz Brothers, Don Ameche: Regal.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARNAVAL, APPARITIONS, CASSE NOISETTE ACT III.—Sat., 23rd, 2.30.
GISELLE, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, FAÇADE.—Tues. 26th, 8.30.

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SADLER'S WELLS:

CARMEN.—To-night, 20th, 8.
RIGOLETTO.—Thurs., 21st, 8.
MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Fri., 22nd, 8.
AÏDA.—Sat., 23rd, 7.45.

MUSIC

Concerts

B.B.C. SYMPHONY.—Boult conducts in a Gabrieli, Beethoven, Debussy, Berlioz programme: Queen's Hall, to-night, 20th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 24th, 3.15.

SHOWS

THE MOTOR SHOW.—At the new Earl's Court, 10 a.m.-10 p.m. (till 23rd).

THE FORD MOTOR SHOW.—At the Albert Hall, 10 a.m. 10 p.m. (till 23rd)

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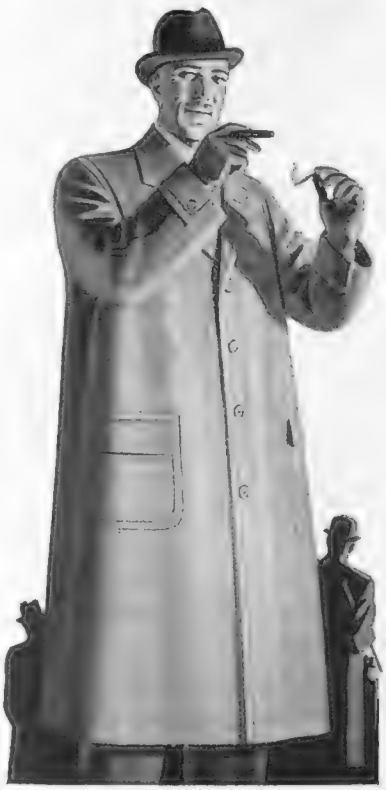

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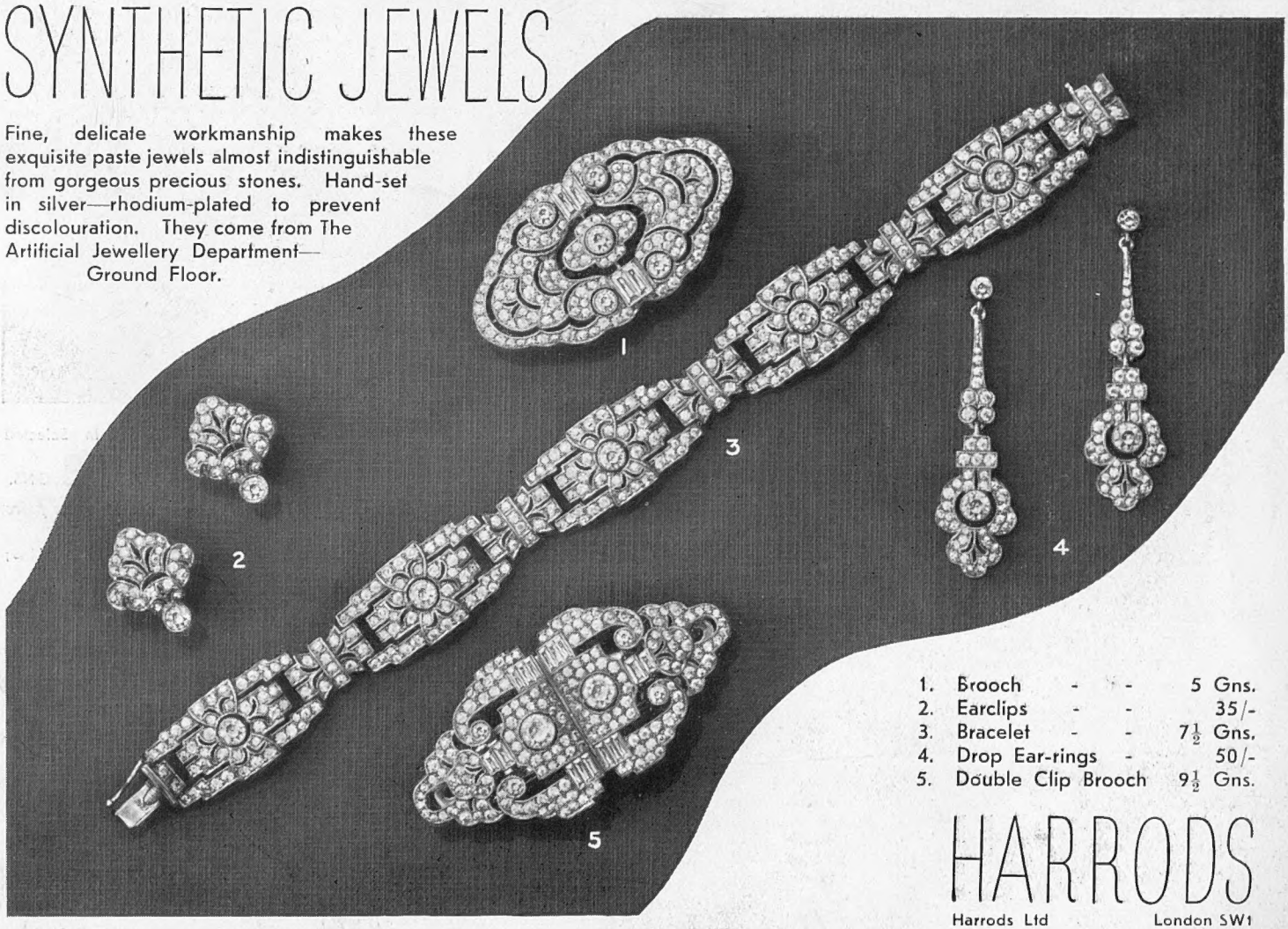

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SEPT. 25TH Returned yesterday from my holidaying at Cannes. The sea-passage did leave me somewhat queasy, and the train came scandalously late into Victoria. But this day, although I do feel the lack of the hot sun, in many matters I am glad enough to be rid of the puzzlement of what I should drink between meals. For, albeit I have much liking for French wines, I have no great love for their curious 'apéritifs,' which either burn the vitals or taste like Physick for the Cough. So that never before this evening have I so relished my Brandy mingled with Schweppes Ginger Ale. And I swear the gay sparkle and bubbling heartiness of Schweppes Waters have no peer or counterpart among outlandish refreshments across the sea.

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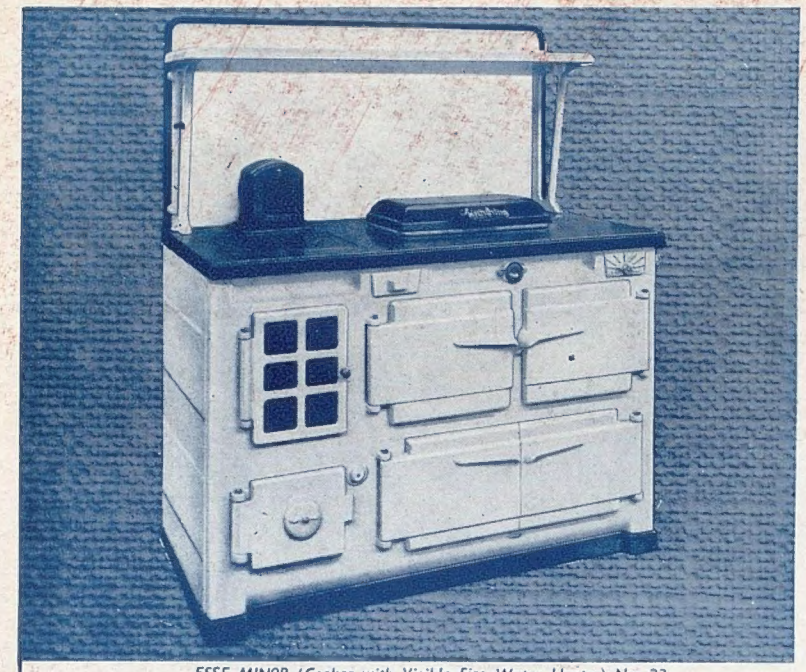

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